Sir's own defence the Author writes
Because while this foul Maggot bites
He nere Can rest in quiet,
Which makes him make Soe sad a face
Need beg your worship or your Grace
Unsight unseen to buy it.

Sir's own defence the Author writes
Because while this foul Maggot bites
He nere Can rest in quiet,
Which makes him make Soe sad a face
Need beg your worship or your Grace
Unsight unseen to buy it.

Maggots:

OR,

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL Subjects,

Never before Handled.

By a Schollar.

LONDON,

Printed for John Dunton, at the Sign of the Black Raven, at the Corner of Princes Street, near the Royal Exchange.

UMI

Nugæ:

OR,

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL

Subjects.

Never before Printed.

By a Scholar.

UMI

The Epistle Dedicatory.

To the Honoured Mr. H. D. Head-Master of the Free-School in Div, in the County of D—.

THE great *Conon* forgets not to acknowledge his Master's Care and Kindness while at *Westminster*; nor, to come nearer, was Mr. *Grech* much tardier in publishing his grateful Resentments of the same Obligations from Mr. *Camden*. You may, Sir, justly wonder what makes me drag in such Names into a Preface where there is hardly like to be broader, one word of Earnest, and perhaps not many of Sence: You may be apt to judge me worthy not much less Punishment than that Comedian who stole matter from the Sacred History to patch up his *Farce*. But here I must unavoidably take Refuge at the old thumb'd Scrap, *Sic parvis componere magna*—Or, to be more sincere, this seem'd a pretty way of beginning; I was fond of the Fancy, and knew not where to get a better. However, tho' I be bold enough to make the Similie, I hardly dare be so bold

cy, I mean o' my side, to apply it; nor, tho' Mr. *D*— may be as noble a Field for *Panegyric* as any, venture to disgrace him with prefixing here his Name, or my *little Praises*. 'Tis enough that all who knew me when under his Tuition, know what a fair share I enjoy'd of his undeserved Favours; and that all who know so many famous Men as have had the happiness of their Education there, are satisfy'd 'tis my own fault I ha'n't made suitable Proficiency to what might be rationally expected from such an advantageous Foundation.——As to my addressing these to you, though I can have no full Excuse, yet my Presumption or Vanity may admit, I hope, some Alleviation. This is my *first form'd Birth*, of which, tho' generally partaking all the Parent's *ill humours*, the greatest part of the World uses to be, if not most fond, yet most concern'd; and no wonder therefore, abstracting from its Value or Defects, I am willing to provide for it, and prefer it. But tho' Gratitude commanded you should know the Author, and that exact Respect he is still oblig'd to pay your former goodness; yet I was too conscious of the mean way I testify'd it in, and the unworthiness of the Acknowledgment, and had too tender a sense of your Reputation, to let your name publick-

ly appear here, before I knew what Reception these *true Theses* might find in the World. The most, the best, the all I can say for 'em, is what I remember many a fair year past on such a kind of occasion: ——Accept my Heart for Gift, and all, which will be the highest Honour can be pretended to by,

Sir,

Your Obliged Scholar,

and

Humble Servant,

&c.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Gentle Reader,

IN the first place, pray take notice this is addressed only to those that buy the Book, for such as only borrow't, my good Friend the Bookseller and I will ha' nothing to do with 'em. For is there any Reason or Conscience in't that he should write so many Letters to me about the business, and I take so much pains for him, besides some appurtenances of Money for Copy, Printing, &c. only for a meer How d'ye? —In the next place, since it comes uppermost, I am to tell ye bona fide, that is in English in verbo Sacerdotis, that all here are my own pure Maggots, the natural Issue of my Brain-pan, bred and born there, and only there. —Nay

—— *May the* Bookseller *and I would have you to know, these are no Scraps or Remnants of I know not who; which if you question, or doubt, you are to be fobb'd off again with a Prisoner-Basket of Collections; I do ye to wit you are egregiously mistaken in the matter, and prove it by a couple of sturdy arguments. One* —— *that never a Subject here was ever treated of, at least in this Method, by* Man, Woman, *or* Sucking Child, *from the beginning of the World to* —— *this present writing, and so downwards: T'other argument, which you'l find concludes very strongly, is,* —— *Because here's wants a hundred and fifty Copper-plates precisely, (curiously engraven, &c.) which any that's but ordinarily versit in modern History, knows to be as inseparable a mark of an* omnium gatherum *as the Cloven foot is of* Mephistophiles. *If you have therefore the Luck to see one* gaudy picture *at the beginning, which is even as it pleaseth Painter and Printer, set your Heart at rest there, and hope not for a scrap of one more between* —— Gentle Reader and Finis. —— *But this is n't a* Quarter *of what you and I have to say to one another: I should be an hard-hearted Brute of a Father indeed, if I could be so cruel as to send this* poor Brat of a Book *abroad into the wide World, without speaking so much as one good Word for't. What may be objected against it, is either as to the matter, or man-*

ner of 't; and here, tho' with Mr. Rhombus I should cut my Cheese into two particles, yet since my Readers naturally fall into three parts, I can't help't, to save my Life: They are either the Wise, or Fools, who 'tis likely may be disgruntled at the first —— or the Trimmers, a Little o' one with t'other, who may be offended at the Latter. —— Now, Quo' the first, —— 'Tis light, vain, frothy, airy, —— here's Time misspent, and may —— be some pains on Subjects below the Gravity of a Man, at least of a Christian, to employ himself about. So much for Ob: enter Sol. —— If those Gentlemen will do me the favour to lend me an handful or two of Beard, and be at the charge of grafting it on, I'll oblige my self to a speedy, and thorough Reformation in that case. Some time is no doubt allowable for meer Recreation, this is certainly harmless; I hope nothing will be found here that may either make me justly blush to own, or another to read; and I hope they'l grant this kind of diversion a little more excusable than fooling away two or three years, and it may be as many Reams of Paper, in doleful Dittys of Philander and Phillis, which uses to be the general work of all that are Prentices to a Verse-wright —— They have, I believe, heard of the Great St. Basils Encomium on a Pissmire, as well as the Diversions of many famous Persons on as Inconsiderable Subjects. I dare not

before

before them quote the Authority of the ingenious Preface to the Valentinian, *(tho' hardly one of 'em but must own when young they have read both Plays and Romances:) But here's somewhat I some time ago* cabbag'd *from* Osborn, *that will I think help as well at a dead lift.*—[Advice to a Son of Studies—*pag.* 11. *parag.* 17.] "The way to Elegance of Stile, "is to employ the Pen upon every Errand, and the more trivial and dry it "is, the more Brains must be allow'd for "Sawce. Thus by checking all ordinary "Invention, your Reason will attain to such "an Habit, as not to dare present you but "with what is excellent.]

Well! If all this won't satisfie, what think ye of a knocking Argument, hight-necessity? *Who knows but my Shoes may want* dearning, *or my Stockings happen to be a little out at* Elbows, *(no Miracles in a* Rhimester *let me tell ye) and in this case a Recruit of as many yellow Ones as the* Book-seller *and I can agree upon, will be no* false Latin. *They may rejoyn,——Why not something serious then, and worthy my own pains, and others perusal? 'Tis easily answered, That tho' such a design should suit with my present Tears and Inclinations, yet who would be the* Customers? *Alas, their Party is but weak and small in the World; which leads me to the* second Part of my Text.

——*As*

——*As concerning* Fools, *the Proverb is*,—— A Word to the Wise; *but o' the contrary, I hope to dispatch these more reasonable Gentlemen a great deal sooner; their Objections sure can't be very material, nor will their Weapons make very deep Impressions, tho' soon shot. However, being the greatest, the most considerable, jovial, complaisant, agreeable part of Mankind, 'twill be no small part of my Interest to oblige 'em. And why may'n't I have my chance as well as others? If I take the same Method by which another has pleas'd 'em, if I write silly enough, why may'n't my Book sell as well as any Christmas Tales and Wonderments that has been clapt into Fift since Bills were invented? I'm sure my Verses—dribble down daintily, as Bro. Bunyan has't, as well as the best Sing-song in e're a Pilgrim's Progress of 'em all. But since those are great words, and Comparisons are odious, I'll make an end of 'em, and only assure those whom it may concern,—That 'tis all perfectly new; 'tis all mirth,—and I know not what else 'tis recommends a* Rattle *to Children, and* Bartlomew-Fair *to Fools. But if any chance to stick somewhere or other on something that looks like* Reason, *which I'm apt shan't fall out often enough to choak 'em, why 'tis but taking a small leap, and they're safe and sound upon the* Tetra firma of Non-sence.

fence agen.——*But now for the* middle-fiz'd man, *just in the Centre of Gravity, between wise and fool,--that cruel Indifferent, which not a whining Lover in* Christendom *but shall tell you, is a thousand times more unsupportable than flat and plain hating. What's to be done with this most* unhoopable *Reader? I doubt he'l make as doleful a clatter among my* poor Maggots, *as* Lucian's Colossus, *quarrelling and* hunching *about for* Elbow-room *in the Parliament of the Gods, who broke holes in the very Roof of* Olympus *with his Steeple Crown. This is that dreadful sort of Animal, as common, and teasty, and mischievous in the Play-house, as the* Mesquito *in hotter Countries, or* Gnats *in the* Fenlands. *By this time I suppose you know what I mean by all this clutter; neither better nor worse than that sort of Creature call'd a* Critic: *And he is likely Tooth and Nayl falls aboard the manner of my work. Right Worshipful.*---'Tis strain'd,--affected,--full of Longe-petites, store of Incongruities,---Uncorrect,---*Tedious*---*Digressions, long-Comment* run away with the Text, *&c. If you have any thing more* Mr. Critic! *pray speak now, or for ever after hold your peace! No: This some will say is more than enough, because unanswerable. But softly, One's Tale's good till another's is told. Is any thing strain'd or obscure? In such uncommon

common *Subjects, so purely out of the Road, how can the Superstructure be otherwise? Pray what Author could I consult to* pillage *a sparkling Verse from here and there, or, like some* Chymic Angel *(as a late Author or two have it) to* nimm a golden Fancy, *on such Themes as these? Would some good Body would advise what Shop in* Paul's Church-yard, Duck-Lane, *or* Little-Brittain, *I should consult to find a Treatise of the Causes, Essence and Property's of a piece of* Ginger-bread, *or in what part of the Transactions of the* Royal Society, *I should find how many yards a* nimble Louse reaches at Hop-Stride-and-Jump? *This too, by the way, may in some measure excuse my Digressions, tho' even those may, like an Episode in a Play, be so managed as to become a Grace, rather than a Blurr to the design, if they ben't too many;——if proceeding naturally from the main design, and all helping towards it;——if not over-tedious; all which Requisites, or most of 'em, will, I hope, square with mine. For the filling so much of the Book with Explanation,——Let's discourse here for a while* very gravely. *Is't not better to do thus than leave the Grammarians a* thousand year hence *to scratch, and bite, and break one anothers Heads about one's meaning, as they do now about* Perseus's, *where, may be, like the Quakers, we deny meanings, and*

have

have, in that place, none at all. How would poor Homer *bless himself, were he, like his own* Ulisses, *to return, and find how he is, since his Death too, improv'd into a* Statuary, *a Captain, a Moralist, a Politician, and would you think it? a Divine too, and a thousand other things he never so much as thought or dream't of,* poor old Fellow, *since the hour he was born! But supposing the worst, or, if you please, granting it, that* Roguy Time *should be so sacrilegiously hungry as to devour all these fine things in a Twelve-month and a day, (as 'twould be a great Temptation, I'll assure ye, to one sharp set to find 'em* under Pyes;) *Yet, when for the reason before alledg'd, it is impossible to have every where common Notions on so uncommon Subjects, I have by these* Notes *endeavoured to make all plain to the meanest Capacity, with as much brevity as could consist with clearness. Nor in this very case is a noble Example wanting, were't not against the Rules of Decency, to defend so little a thing with such great Authority. For the Incongruities, which I doubt not may, if any whose Eyes are* sharpen'd with Prejudice, *or Judgment, look close on 'em, be easily observed, (besides the Carelessness and undress with which in many places the Verse appears:) First, I remember I'm neither writing a Supposition in Philosophy, nor a System*

of

of Divinity, nor an Epic Poem, where indeed all ought to be most religiously observ'd. What was said by a person, however by Writ of a greater Genius expos'd, yet certainly, if thirty Years Experience be any thing, no Fool in Poetry, has certainly a great deal of truth in't.

——He that servilely creeps after Scufe,
Is safe, but ne'r shall reach at Excellence.

——Or somewhat like it; this perhaps he may be apt to censure others in that case, as many have him. If this ben't enough, I would desire such as are yet dissatisfi'd to take notice, that tho' for Reason told half-an-hour agon, this was printed, yet I could never be vain enough to think I could procure the Author much Reputation; and therefore, as I wa'n't over ambitious of seeing my worthy Name adorning a Titling-Post, or glittering in a Term-Catalogue, so nor did I think it worth the while to throw away before time in making it more correct, or shewing it to any person, nor trouble my few Friends with my Resolution to publish it. If any are so unconscionable, that all this won't satisfie 'em, but either for old Acquaintance, or new Remembrance they must be finding or making faults, the comfort on't is, I have the same liberty, and am as free to find what I please of theirs, if ever they have

or

or may come under the Predicament *of the Author,——I can't remember any thing more, but,——You're* very welcome Gentlemen! *And therefore to conclude, with the help of the* Accademy of Complements, *and my Book-seller's Epistle,*

So I rest,

Yours, Yours, Yours,

In ten thousand Obligations

of Love and Service,

&c.

Books

Books lately published by J. Dunton.

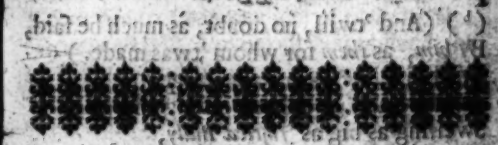
A very delightful and useful Treatise, Entituled, *Heavenly Passions*, or pleasant Observations on all the most remarkable passages throughout the Holy Bible of the Old and New Testament, *newly Allegorized*, in several pleasant *Dialogues*, *Poems*, *Similitudes*, *Paraphrases*, and *Divine Fancies*: To which is added, (1) The miraculous manner of the production of our Old Grandmother *Eve*, with the supposed manner of *Adam*'s first Nuptial Addresses to her, and the pleasant Circumstances of their Marriage. (2) You have an Account of *Eve*'s first Addresses to *Adam*, and her Industry in making a Garment for her Husband. (3) You have a pleasant Account of *Adam* and *Eve*'s Winter Suits, their Lodging and first Building, with an Account in what-poetry manner they first invented a fire to warm them. (4) You have abundance of supposed Dialogues, very full of delightful reading, *&c.*

The *Pilgrim's Guide*: To which is added, The *Sick Man's Passing-bell*. Both by *John Dunton*.

A Continuation of *Morning-Exercise Questions* and *Cases of Conscience*, practically resolved by 31 Reverend and able Divines in the City of *London*. In a large 4to.

The *Progress of Sin*, or the *Travels of Ungodliness*, in an Allegory. As also the manner of his Apprehension, Arraignment, Tryal, Condemnation and Execution. The second Edition: To which is now added, *Ungodliness*'s Voyage to Sea, with many pleasant Additions besides. By *B. Keach*. Illustrated with five lively Cuts. Price bound 1 *s.*

The *Travels of True Godliness*, in an Allegory. The seventh Edition: To which is now added five lively Cuts, together with *True Godliness*'s Voyage to Sea, with many new Additions besides. By *B. Keach*, Author of *War with the Devil*. Price Bound 1 *s.*



Maggots.

On a Maggot.

THE *Maggot Bites*, I must begin;
Muse! pray be civil! enter in!
Ransack my addled *pate* with Care,
And *muster* all the *Maggots* there!
Just at the *Gate* you'l bless your Eyes,
To find *one* of so *large* a *Size*:
'Tis true he's hardly full as tall,
As the two *striplings* in *Guildhall*;
Yet is he Jolly, Fat, and Plump,
With dainty *Curls* from *Snowe* to *Rump*:
And struts, says *Jordan* what he can,
As *goodly* as any *Alderman*.
The Law of *Poetry's* not broke,
If, since an *Horse* in *Homer* spoke;
I steal, for my dear *Worms* Occasions
A scrap of *Livy's* fine *Orations*:

(And

(*) (And 'twill, no doubt, as much be said,
By him, as *them* for whom 'twas made.)
Within a *Nor-sheds Palms* large,
As grave as *Judge* that's giving charge;
Swelling as big as *Justice Bully*,
Thus he holds forth like *t'other Tully*:
Take notice all that hither come!
(*) [illegible]
'Twas I my self, 'twas I possest,
Scavola's mighty *Brain*, and *Breast*;
I was the *Worm in's Crown*, that made,
The [illegible] *Porsenna's* camp invade:
I did the *Heroick Job*; 'twas I,
(*) That made his *Paw*, like *Drum-stick* fry:
'Twould make the dullest *Mugger* smile,
To observe his pretty *motion*, while,
His *Motion-Fist* did Hiz, and Bevil:
Of which I an account could give ye,
(*) Treer by far than *Goodman Levy*.
When the *Spark Tarquin* did prevail,
[illegible] *Lucretia's Tooth*, and *Nail*;
And, which if true were ungenteel,
Kiss't her, poor Soul! against her will:
Wh'n't not a very pleasant *Whimm*,
(*) That *she* should kill her self for *him*?
When, I that saw it, durst have sworn,
She was as *Innocent* as *Child unborn*;
Pray let not *Livy's Shams* prevail!
I was the *Worm*, in *Pace*, and *Tall*:

That

That made the *Matron* [illegible]
A *Sacrifice* to *Chastity*.
(Good *Folks* that Love your Necks *stand clear*!
(*) For I must leap *five hundred Years*:
'Twas I *brought down* that Rampant *Gypsie*,
(*) Whose *Love* and *Pearls* made Cure tipsie,
And, when she him no more could [illegible],
(*) The *Maggot* bit, as well's the *Asp*;
I stood at the *Bedsfeet*, Intent
On her *Last Will*, and *Testament*;
I come she cryed, I com' dear *Hony*!
And then kick't up with *Tony*! *Tony*!
But I'me *not only* bold, and valiant,
For *Wit*, an't please ye! tou's my *Talent*;
And by a better *Title*, I
May plead for *God of Poesie*.
Than those whom each dull *Thief* abuses,
In *Dogrel Phœbus*, and the *Muses*:
When *Virgil* all *day* long did write,
(*) And lickt his pretty *Cubbs* at *night*;
I roll'd about his *Brain*, and there
Æneas Good, and *Dido* fair,
Now plac'd a *Scolding*, now a *Billing*,
(*) Sometimes *begetting*, sometimes *killing*,
What e're he of old *Sybill* prate,
'Twas I that propt his *Heroes* Fate;
And when *Post-horses* he did lack,
(*) Lugg'd him to *Hell a-Pick-a-Pack*,
I am the very *God*, and like ye,
That fell in *Love* with Mrs. *Psiche*;

Let none my just pretensions scorn,
For *Cupid* was a *Maggot* born:
Then thriv'd, and grew, and by degrees,
Like his harmonious *Brother-Bees*,
Thrust out a *Leg*, and then a *Wing*,
And *Bow*, and *Arrows* for a *Sting*.
(*) And when I please my self to Dart,
Into a ravisht Lovers *Heart*;
'Tis I who all their *Souls* inspire
With soft *Wishes*, gay *Desire*,
Melting *Looks*, and amorous *Fire*.
Hold! hold! 'tis time to grow more humble,
(*) Least I like *Phaeton*, should tumble;
I'll *Mount* no more, but here sit *steady*,
Since I'me a *Goddikin* already.

NOTES.

(*) [And strut, say *Jordan* what he can,
As *goodly* as any *Alderman*.]

The Incomparable Mr. Jordan, (quem honoris causa nomino) *who has made* London *as famous by his* Lord Mayors day *Poetry*, *as ever* Pryn *did* Mount Orgueil.

(*) [And 'twill, no doubt, as much be said,
By *him*, as *them* for whom 'twas made.]

I suppose few Consciences but are a little too Costive in this Case, and for all Mr. Livy's *Authority, are apt to believe* Scævola *had other things*

things to mind than making fine speeches, and found Periods when his Fist was frying.

(*) [Romanus ego Civis sum.]

The beginning of Scævola's Oration *in* Livy.

(*) That made his *Paw*, like *Drum-stick* fry:

'Tis a known Story, when Rome *was besieged by King* Porsenna, Mutius Scævola *went to the Camp, intending to stabb him, but mistook a Nobleman of his Train for the King, for this had his Hand broil'd over a Chafing-Dish of Coals, (like a* Pullets *claw) but held it all the while unconcern'd and immoveable: see the Story in* Livy's *Decades, Vol.* 1. Book 1. *p.* 78.

(*) [Truer by far than *Goodman Livy*.]

For there would not be half so many prodigies in't. —— He somewhere or other, makes an Ox speak, —— and why not my Maggot as well? (*)

(*) [That she should kill her self for *him*.]

Lucretia's *Death, the cause, and manner on't is at every School-boys finger's Ends —— She kill'd her self because* Tarquin's *Son* Sixtus *had ravish'd her.*

(*) [For I must leap five hundred Year.]

Supposing I were more than Lucretia *to* Cleopatra, *yet that's a good round Number, and Poets have seldom been old excellent at* Cronology. —— *Witness* Virgil.

(*) [Whose *Love* and *Pearls* made *Tony* tipsie:]

Cleopatra *dissolv'd in a Draught of Wine, gave* Mark Anthony *a Pearl worth —— I dont know what.*

(*) [The

(*) [The *Magpie* bit, as well's the *Asp*.]

To avoid her being tuyos'd to the Conquerors Mercy, she clapt Viper to her Breast, and dy'd.

(*) [And lickt his pretty *Cubbs* at *Night*.]

Virgils Commentators *mention* that as his *custom*, to compose some 40 verses, and reduce *am all* into 8, or 10.

(*) [Sometimes *begetting*, sometimes *killing*.]

This must be [illegible] Sans Sense. *Take notice Tantum Æneas for one, and Dido for t'other.*

(*) [Lugg'd him to *Hell-a-Pick-a-Back*.]

Sentence his descent into Hell, taken up a fair Conceit in Virgil, [illegible] the learned differ here, with any quarrel about this Circumstance, whether he rode thither on my Maggot, or Old Sybilla's Broomstaff.

(*) [And when I please my self can dart,
Into a [illegible] *Hearts*.]

And no doubt will be as good Company there as the Fury's Savage Worms, which they are bound to throw into every one they bewitch.

(*) [Least I like *Phaeton* should tumble.]

Who fairly broke his Neck from his Fathers Coach-box, like Crossbeers Dwarf from the Pistoles back.

On

On two Souldiers killing one another for a Groat.

FUll doleful Tales have oft been told,
By Chimney *warm* in Winter *cold*,
About the *Sacred* Thirst of Gold;
To hear 'em half 'twould mad ye.
To Jayl how many Headlong run,
How many a *hopeful* Youth's undone,
How many a vile *ungracious* Son,
For this has murder'd *Daddy*?
Yet those that tumble Books, may find,
Unless (as who can help't!) they're *blind*,
That Silver comes not far behind,
But see ne as bad as t'other?
For this, who'd of such luck have thought?
For this, tho' not above a Groat,
Two *Valiant* Souldiers lately fought,
And murder'd one the other.
Well! who can tell how soon he may dye?
Both, as good Friends as You and I,
Their hungry *Wemes* to satisfie?
Scale an *enchanted Castle*:
Painted without some think 't a kin,
To that renowned *Fort* wherein
Duiret the Great such fame did win,
And with fell *Gyants* Wraſtle. (*)

As kind as ever in their Life,
As kind they sate as *Man and Wife*,
O! who among 'em scatter'd *Strife*;
That *Petty fogging Fury!*
But this is plainly prov'd by all,
Some *Viper* to their Hearts did crawl,
And so they'l *find it* if you call
An Honest *Poets* Jury.
A *Groat* was drop't upon the Board,
This takes it up, That draws his Sword,
And tells him it must be reform'd,
Or else expect what follows!
Each gives the *Lye*, and at that Word
Each runs upon the t'other's Sword,
And each, stretcht fairly Under-board,
In Blood and Liquor wallows.
So *Arruns*, and great *Brutus* fell,
And so they fought, tho scarce so well,
So to *Elysium*, or to Hell,
They sunk, I know not whether.
So on *Moor-markets* jolly Heath,
The *Hawk*, and *Heron* struggling for Breath
Tho not in Life yet joyn'd in Death:
Come tumbling down together,
Both grin at their expiring Foe,
With Sword in Fist both Huffing go,
To fright the trembling Shades below,
Bloated with Martial Glory.

Both

Both in the *Bed of Honour* rank,
With Lawrel boughs, and Garlands dress't,
Perfum'd as sweet as Phœnix-Nest:
And there's an end o' th' Story.
Yet take good Counsel, Courteous Friend,
And learn by their untimely End,
Not about Trifles to contend,
Or with another grapple:
Since Carrion-Strife has often wrought,
Such mischiefs as you'd ne're ha thought,
And murder'd for a Silver Groat,
As well's a Golden Apple. (*)

NOTES.

(*) *Quixot the Great such feats did win,*
And with full Gyants Wraſtle.]

Vid. Book the *p.* the of the renowned History of *Don Quixot*. Where the Knight was in great Peril by three dreadful Leather-Bottles of Wine, whom after a sore Battle, he at last Valiantly hew'd all to pieces.

(b) —— [*An Honest Potts Jury.*]

—— 'Tis notorious how necessary Actors in any Poetical Murder, or Mischief, a Fury, and a Viper are —— *Vid. Virg. Æneid.* B. 7. *p.* *l.* and if I may profane that great Name so much to quote it here, Mr. *Cowleys* Dav. *B.* *p.* *l.*

Virg. *Hic Dea cæruleis unum de crinibus anguem*
Conjicit, inque Sinum præcordia ad intima subdit.
Cowley.

(c) [*So* Arans, *and great* Brutus *fell.*]
Livy relates it in *Book* 1ſt. of 1ſt. *Vol.* p. 72. that the firſt encounter, *Aruns* and *Brutus* both fell dead from their Horſes, pierced quite through with one anothers Spears.

(d) [*The Hawk and Heart came tumbling down together.*]
The Cuſtom of the Hearn when ſhe ſees the Hawk ſtooping at her, and no way of eſcape, is to turn her Long Bill upwards, upon which the Hawk not being able to ſtop, runs it ſelf through, and ſo both often drop down dead together.

(e) [*As will's a* Golden Apple.]
The Story is worn thed-bare of the Golden Apple which was the cauſe of the Wars of *Troy*.

TH

The Argument.

A Tame Snake left in a Box of Bran, was devoured by Mice after a great Battle.

Written *An. Dom.* 1681.

NO Monarch's Death, no fall of Prince (or King,
My humble rural Muſe intends to ſing.
Let others ſtrive in everlaſting-Verſe,
Firſt to make *Hero's*, then t'adorn their *Herſe*.
Of ſtranger Tragedys I will complain;
Low Subjects beſt befit a lowly Swain.
Immortal *Maro* did immortal make
The *loving Gnat* that ſav'd him from a *Snake*:
The Theme's inverted now, why ſhould not I
Give my poor *harmleſs Worm* an *Elegy*?
Why ſhould not I his luckleſs Fate bemoan,
Wrong'd and abus'd by all, but wronging (none?
Bred in the *Fields*, he oft was *bruis'd* and broke
By ev'ry *croſs-grain'd* Traveller's cruel ſtroke;
At length he leaves th' unhoſpitable Air,
And to the Town's *Aſylum* does repair;
There all his *Tricks* and all his *Slights* imparts,
So to revive his Patron's drooping Hearts:

Now through a Ring he'll *softly gliding* pass,
Now weave a thousand *Circles* in the Grass;
Now in a thousand folds himself he'll tye,
Which with the Oraculous *Gordian Knot* shall
(vye
This *Alexander* needs not cut in twain;
Next moment finds it all dissolv'd again.
Him no proud *Louvres*, nor *Escurial*'s Hide,
What has a *humble Worm* to do with Pride?
A little Box which his kind Master gave,
His Pallace was, and would have been his
(Grave
But sacrilegious Mouths him thence did tear,
And made their Guts his *loathed Sepulchre*.
Epicurizing there on homely Bran,
He Gluttony upbraids in wiser Man;
As happy as a harmless Snake could be,
Happy as *Cadmus* or *Hermione*.
Erinnis saw, and foam'd, and rav'd, and
(griev'd,
My *Snake* better than her *black Vipers* liv'd:
Unto great *Moustapha* she does repair,
With leathern Wings forcing the burthen'd
(Air;
Moustapha, cruel, secret, bold and wise,
Redoubted *Monarch* of the well-teeth'd *Mice*.
Approaching his proud Palace, she put on
The form of *Mab*, Empress to *Oberon*:
When the stern Prince of *Mice* in slumber lay
Tir'd with luxurious Revels of the day,

The

The Fury envying him so calm a rest,
Enthrones a *Vice-Roy* Viper in his Breast.
Then thus accosts him, Wake, lost King, (awake,
Unless your last *long Sleep* you mean to take:
That *Traytor* who your Brother once o're- (power'd,
And on yon *fatal Lake* his Limbs devour'd,
When with *Physignathus* he went to view
Regions before unknown to him and you,
The treacherous *Water-Snake* hard by does (rest,
And will, I fear, attempt your *sacred Breast*:
Rise then, if you're a King, and guard your (Throne,
Revenge your Brothers Quarrel, and your (own.
This said, no longer she above abides,
But down again, a-down to Hell the *Fury* (slides.
Up starts the *Mycian* Prince, and stares
About, (around,
And with his Cryes the ecchoing Walls re- (sound:
Off from his Bed he leaps, and takes his (Launce,
A piece of an old Needle found by chance;
Then with another skip he nimbly flees
To his tough Shield made of the Rind of *Cheese*:

A Guard he cries, with Scrieches shrill and long,
And his bold Subjects to the Presence throng,
Like walls of Brass they all around him stand:
When Silence was observ'd at his Command,
He thus bespake his Princes,——
——Shall we be
Always content with *sordid Slavery*?
Not Long ago stern *Jove fierce Tybert* sent;
Who all the Flower of our sad Nation rent;
When freed from her a while we breath'd in peace,
New Foes, new Rebbels every day increase.
And is this all the Guard my Princes keep?
Thus could you kindly let your Soveraign sleep,
Whilst a *fierce Viper* does in ambush lye?
Thus could you undiscover'd pass him by?
Upon yon Cliff, my *Genius* found him out,
With feeble--*wooden Walls* inscons'd about.
There needs no more, if ye are *Mice*, begin,
Stand to your Arms, and take the *Fortress* in.
That happy *Mouse* that brings the *Traytor's Head*,
With Garlands *Crown'd*, shall round our Streets be led,
And my *Fair Daughter* grace his *Nuptial Bed*.

A dreadful new-form'd Army ſtrait ap-
(pears,
Bright numerous Troops of *eager Volunteers*:
Unto the Caſtle their joynt Forces drew,
All *Pioneers*, and all *Aſſailants* too:
Its *feeble Walls* they madly undertake,
And quickly the too weak Foundations ſhake.
A *ſpacious Breach* but too too ſoon was made,
But my Snake knew not how to be afraid;
Rais'd his *blew Creſt*, with Hiſſes fill'd the Air,
And bravely does for brave defence prepare.
Artophagus, the Young, the Fair, the Stout,
Get's o're the *Rampire* firſt of all the Rout:
But the Defendant nimbly thruſts him down,
And on a *Rocky Mountain* ſplits his Crown;
The fall does all his well-head'n bones diſ-
(place,
His Brains Spurt out and ſtick upon the face
Of ſad *Straphagus*, who was combin'd
By Friendſhip to him, as by Nature joyn'd:
Upon his *bleeding Reliques* down he fell,
Wiſhing for ever only there to dwell;
He'd his deſire, for, cruſht with a huge ſtone,
Even as in Life, ſo they in Death are one.
Their fates inrag'd the bold ſurviving *Crew*,
Who to the Breach like Bees in Cluſters flew;
With Ivory Spears ſome lance his *chequer'd*
(*Breaſt*,
Some *ſcaling Ladders* raiſe, and mount the
(reſt;

Undermine all the *avenues*; and some,
Bring in *Reserves*, (without or *Flute*, or *Drum*)
All their Efforts as yet are spent in vain,
Unmov'd he like a Rock does still remain:
Huge weights the Ladders crack, he sees his foes,
Mangled, and crush't by their own party's blows.
Great *Moustapha* himself does now draw nigh,
And his glad followers voices rend the Sky;
His *Janizary's* to the assault he calls,
Who like themselves assail'd the *tottering* Walls;
Swarms of *four-footed Warriours* now had set
Their Arms upon a lofty Parapet:
A natural counterscarp of living store;

The *Assailants* strove at first to mine't, but they
Discourag'd with the Labour went away:
Here the *Sly Snake* swift through a Port-hole goes,
Unfear'd, unmark't by his presumptuous foes:
With various windings he attempts to shock
The now more than *Half undermined* Rock;
No little Prudence, and no little pain
Now loos'd the stubborn Earth which did re-tain

The

The *unwieldy stone*; the stone which now did
(bear
Innumerable *Warriour*, who repair
To the free breach, does on a sudden fall
And in *Inevitable ruine* plung'd 'em all.
Loud shreeks here scale the Heavens, and a
(warm flood
Springs up from the poor mangled *Miceans*
(blood.
The horrid *paint* press't from the reeking
(Dead,
Soon turns the Living's sable hiew to *Red*.
Heart-chilling fear, and black despair around,
The fearful, desperate *Micean* camp resound;
They can't for the retreats late signal stay,
He's the best Souldier thought that fastest runs
(away.
The Mighty *Dragon* he has hir'd they cry,
And raise a formidable Mutiny:
Moustapha from his Tent does hasten out,
By Love, or fear to stop the *murmuring Rout*;
Now he perswades, and now enrag'd does
(stamp,
Bidding his Guards kill all that leave the
(Camp.
A greater fear prevails with some to stay,
Tho' envying such as ran *betimes* away:
The enraged Tyrant of proud *Micea's* Lands,
Mounted upon a *Captive Moustrap* stands;

His

His furious Eyes ſparkle with boyling Ire,
He breaths Deſtruction, Blood, Revenge, and
(Fire.
Then thus Accoſts his Army.
Can it be!
How long have *Micean Souldiers* learn'd to
(flee?
Degenerate Mice! to lead you I diſdain,
Throw down your Arms, and e'ne ſneak home
(again!
Where are thoſe *Heroes* who with me
(could dare,
And beat the *Elephant*, whoſe ſhoulders
(bare,
Without a Trope, huge Caſtles in the
(Air?
One of your Valiant Anceſtors, in ſtrife
With *Man* himſelf did ſave a *Lyons* Life,
And for his lawful Guerdon did poſſeſs
By her great Parent's Will the *Lyoneſs*;
Tho' ſome may his too luckleſs end deride,
Like *Phaeton* in *great attempts* he dy'd.
Was it indeed ſo long ago, when we
Took noble Arms againſt the Tyranny o
Of cruel *Puſs!* (a Curſe upon the Name!)
Where are your Souls? where is your dear
(bought fame?
Well may the Rebel Frogs rejoyce to ſee
How their *brave Conqu'rers* poorly conquer'd
(be.
Well

Well may they rise against us, well may they
Chase their poor low-soul'd, *little Lords* away.
Shall one weak foe or forces baffle thus,
And shall a *Worm* contend with *Mighty us?*
O Rowze your Souls, and wake your Rage
(and Hate,
Poor *Wretch!* Valiant he's not, but desperate;
See where your mangled Fellows gasping lie,
The Tryumphs of his Viperous Cruelty!
Be ready to revenge your Kindreds falls,
As soon as the too tardy Trumpet calls!
On then like *Mice!* the *Manes* of the Dead,
Call for Revenge upon his guilty Head.
A joyful Hum ran round the Camp, they
(shake
Their dreadful Arms, and preparation make
For *General Assaults*. This from on high,
The pensive wounded *Snake* with Grief did
Spy;
His Walls were gone, his feeble Curtains
(rent,
His food, and all his *Ammunition* spent:
There's no hope; dye he must, yet e're he
(dyes,
Amongst his Friends he'll leave some *Legacies:*
His *batter'd Castle* which must be his Grave,
To his kind Master once again he gave.
His *Bowl*, if reserv'd from the murdring
(Hand,
Of the fierce *Mice*, to make his Hat a Band;

His

His *Brains*, if them some generous Morse
(would bring,
To them he gives who say he has a Sting:
Who'll give their sence the lye in meer de-
(spight,
Altho' they see he'l neither sting, nor bite.
This done, he scorns to sneak into his Grave,
But will at least a *noble exit* have;
Unto the Castle Wall he seems to grow,
Ready to meet his Death, to meet his foe:
Hundreds in Crowds over *crushe hundreds*
(come,
Some to meet *Conquest*, most to meet their
(*Doom*.
Weary'd with Death, and tir'd with killing
(now,
The Champions *Body*, not his *Mind* must
(bow;
Now first his Enemy's weak hopes begin,
And Floods of *desparate foes* all round come
(rolling in:
All round he glides, and he they ne're so
(strong,
Their Death he hasts, and does his Life pro-
(long.
But when she still encreasing Enemy,
Like a *swoln Torrent* does all stops defie;
His nimble Tail about their Legs he swists,
In vain his *Fury* every one resists:

The

Then from on high a-down himself does throw,
At once expiring with the *expiring foe*;
Encompass't round with *Trophys*, there he lies,
And in the *Bed of Honour* bravely dyes.

A Pindaricque,

On the Grunting *of a* Hog.

FReeborn *Pindaric* never does refuse,
Either a lofty, or a humble Muse:
Now in proud *Sophoclean* Buskins Sings,
Of *Hero's*, and of *Kings*,
Mighty *Numbers*, mighty *Things*;
Now out of sight the flys,
Rowing with gaudy Wings
A-cross the stormy Skys,
Then down again,
Her self she flings,
Without uneasiness, or Pain
To Lice, and Dogs,
To Cows, and Hogs,
And follows their melodious grunting o're the Plain.

2.

Harmonious *Hog* draw near!
No bloody *Butchers* here,
Thou need'st not fear,
Harmonious *Hog* draw near, and from thy *dentous Snowt*
Whilst we attend with Ear,
Like thine prick's up devout's.

To

To taste thy *Sugry voice*, which here, and there,
With wanton Curls, vibrates around the circling Air,
Harmonious *Hog!* warble some *Anthem* out!
As sweet as those which quiv'ring *Monks* in days of Yore,
With us did roar;
When they alas,
That the hard-hearted *Abbot* such a Coyl should keep,
And cheat 'em of their first, their sweetest Sleep;
When they were ferretted up to *Midnight Mass*:
Why should not other *Piggs* on *Organs* play,
As well as They.

3.

Dear *Hog!* thou King of Meat!
So near thy Lord Mankind,
The nicest Taste can scarce a difference find!
No more may I thy glorious *Gammons* eat!
No more,
Partake of the *Erst Farmers Christmass* store,
Black Puddings which with Fat would make your Mouths
(run o're:
If I, tho' I should ne're so long before the Sentence stay,
And in my large Ears scale, the thing ne're so discreetly
(weigh,
If I can find a difference in the Notes,
Belcht from the applauded Throats
Of Rotten Play-house *Sangsters-All-Divine*,
If any difference I can find between their Notes, and
(Thine:
A Noise they keep with *Tune*, and out of *Tune*,
And Round, and Flat,
High, Low, and This, and That,
That *Algebra*, or Thou, or I might understand as soon.

4.

Like the confounding *Eates* innumerable Strings,
One of them Sings;
Thy easier Musick's ten times more divine;

More.

More like the one string'd, deep, Majestick *Trumpet-Marine*:
Prythee strike up, and cheer this drooping Heart of Mine!

Not the sweet Harp that's claim'd by *Jews*,
Nor that which to the Jar more Ancient *Welch* belongs,
(*) Nor that which the Wild *Irish* use,
Frighting even their own *Wolves* with loud *Hubbubbaboos*.
(*) Nor *Indian* Dance, with *Indian* Songs,
Nor yet,
(Which how should I so long forget?)
The Crown of all the rest,
The very Cream o'th' Jest:
Amptuous Noble *Lyre*—the Tongs;
Nor, tho' Poetick *Jordan* bite his *Thumbs*,
At the bold word, my *Lord Mayors Flasts*, and *Kettle-Drums*;

Not all this Instrumental dare,
With thy soft, ravishing, vocal Musick ever to compare.

NOTES.

(*) [Nor that which the Wild *Irish* use,
Frighting even their own *Wolves* with loud *Hubbubbaboos*.
'Tis the Custom of the Irish, *when any thing is stolen, or other sudden accident, presently to set up that note,* [Hubbubbaboo] *the next that hears it does the like, and so Intelligence is conveyed swifter than by any Hue-and-Cry with us.*

(*) — [Nor *Indian* Dance, with *Indian* Songs.]
A Taste of whose Humour, and Harmony has been often enough presented at the Play-house by the Indian Girls.

To

To my Gingerbread Mistress.

DEar Miss, not with a Lie to cheat ye,
I love you so that I could eat ye.
'Tis not that Gold that does adorn
Your Bosom like the rising Morn,
When dropping dry from watry Bed
Sol shakes his *Canvas-Loggerhead*;
'Tis not your Gold I mean to woo;
Alas, 'tis You, and only You.
'Tis not that *Corner* which does shine
With Beams not half so bright as thine,
Which scatter Glories that excell
The Nose of *Zara's Damzabel*. (a)
'Tis not the Rose of lip-like *blew*,
Nor Virgin-Plumb's *Celestial blew*,
Nor all the Nuts that plunder'd be
From the sad *Squirrel's Granaxie*;
Nor Pears long cramm'd in faithful store,
As yellow as the *Golden Ore*,
Nor Crumpling Sweet, with *Cheeks divine*,
Yet not so fair, my Dear, as thine;
Nor Custards stuck with Plumbs and Flies,
Nor Heart-reviving Pudding-Pyes;
Tho' queasie Stomach's them concemn,
Bake't on thy n'own dear *Granny's Wemm*.(b)
Ah! 'tis not, 'tis not this, nor all
The Goods in Cellar, Pouch or Stall,

Which

Which *Appte-Woman* does provide
For such as make her Child their Bride:
King *Harry Groats* with Rust o're-grown,
And *Edward Shillings* more than one;
I'l say't, my Love, and say't again,
'Twas none of these that caus'd my pain:
'Twas first thy *goggling*, *Eg.-like Eyes*,
Like those in *Mahomet's Paradice*,
Which did my *Jack-with-a-Lanthorn* prove,
And mir'd me up to th' Ears in Love.
Then all thy Dotes came powdring in,
Thy Mother's manly *Nose* and *Chin*,
Thy *Nose* which (not thy Faces Friends)
Keeps a poor Lover at *Arm's end*;
Thy *Chin* which with kind Curl doth grace
Thy n'own dear Father's Wainscot Face;
A *Mouth* which should with *Moppa's* vye,
Altho' *Pamela's* self stood by;
Lips which like *Paris* Casements shew,
Still opening with a *Guards vous'z*;
There *Caravans* of Spices meet,
Not *Western* Civet half so sweet,
Nor *mellow Ducks* in Claret stew'd,
When Atoms were in Altitude.
But not to stay on every Charm,
In *Jar-like Leg*, and *May-pole Arm*;
Nor how my *Conquress* did prevail,
And wound with every *Tooth* and *Nail*;
Ah! 'twas, as too-too well you know,
Your Hand that struck the *mortal blow*.

That

That *Mutton-fist*, like Bolt of Thunder,
Poor Lover fell'd *as flat's a Flounder.*
Under a *Willow* I complain,
And grunt, and cry, and roar in vain;
And, as mad Lovers use to do,
Pick straws, and——what a F——care you?
From side to side I loll about,
Idle, ungainly, lazy Lout,
That was, e're you I saw, in sooth,
(Altho' I say't) a *dapper Youth.*
Here every hour with dreary Frown,
I lay my Head on Elbow down:
Help, or this Love will quite undo me!
Heark how it runs clean thro' and thro' me!
The sighs which up and downwards go,
That I am near the *Rattles*, show:
Think not that I false grief pretend!
Alas, I weep at *either end!*
My sweet *Sweet-heart*, how is't you are
So foolish? sure you be'n't so fair.
O be'n't so hard! what e're you grow,
The Baker sure ne'r made you so.
My Heart, not only with your stroke,
But my few Teeth will all be broke.
Melt then to cure my horrid *Drowth*;
O melt, altho' 'tis in my *Mouth*,
Which waters at you; for 'tis true,
Nothing can quench my thirst but you.
Now my cold Fit is more severe,
I shall kick up with meer Despair.

These

These nipping Mornings pinch, and you,
To mend the matter, freeze me too.
Dear Girl, for once, at my desire,
Prethee, from Ice be turn'd to Fire.
(What e're my Readers Judgment be,
I'm sure I here mean honestly,
Such a kind, harmless, lambent Flame,
As from *Ascanius* Temples came.)
O warm my Soul, for *Cupid*'s cold-Iron-
(Dart,
And your more frosty frowns have kibe'd
(my Heart.

NOTES.

[1] [The Nose of *Zara*'s *Dowzabel.*]
Vid.---*The famous and renowned History of* Don Zaradel Fogo;---*the Lady of whose best Affections,* (*a piece of purtenance as necessary to a Knight Errant, as* Mambrino's *Helmet, or the Parallel of this Lady* [Dulcinea de'l Foboso] *to* Don Quixot) *whose Damsel that had wofully besmitten the gentle Knight, was, after all the Parembeses,* Yclept--Dowzabella,---- *Of whom the Poet thus,*

"--Whose gallant gray Eyes, like Stars in
"Denoted, &c. (the Skies,

[2] [Bake't on thy n'own dear *Granny's Wenny.*]
---*A* Scotch *Oven.*--*A Traveller eating some*
Cake

Cake on the Bend in Scotland, *complain'd 'twas not well bake't: 'Twas reply'd, that was impossible; for 't had been all night baking upon the Hostess's warm Wamm.*

[c] —— [Thy *goggling Egg-like Eyes*
Like those in *Mahomet's Paradice.*]

Among the other pleasures in the Heaven of his own building, Mahomet's Alcoran *promises the* Mussalman *Bed-fellows with Eyes as big as Eggs; esteemed as great a piece of beauty, it seems, by the* Asiatick's, *as great Lips by most of the* Africans.

[d] [A *Mouth* which should with *Mopsa*'s vye]
Altho' *Pamela*'s self stood by.]

See the Description of charming Mopsa, *in an ingenious drolling Poem at the End of Sir* Philip Sidney.

[e] [*Lips* which like *Paris*-Casements shew,
When opening with a *Guardá vou'z!*]

Such as walk late at Paris, *and when the Windows open with that sound, avoid not in time, will soon, by their bounteous benevolence, smell out the meaning of the Allusion here.*

[f] [Not *Western* Civet half so sweet.]

Paracelsus *is reported, (with a great deal of washing you may think) to have reduced no better nor worse than a Sir —— an't please ye, into an excellent Perfume* —— Balsamum Apoplecticum, but *Assa fœtida to't,* —— *and afterwards christen'd it by the cleanlier name of* Zibetum Occidentale.

[g] When

[When Atoms were in Altitude.]

Willis *in his Book* de Fermentatione, *gives that account of Putrefaction of Bodies; The Juyce, the Blood, &c. ferments, and the Particles are highly agitated,—— (and a great deal more, which, if you ha'n't enough for your money, you shall have in the next Edition.)*

On the Bear-fac'd *Lady.*

O charming *Maid*, whose *Viznomy* divine
Shoots Darts around like any *Porcupine!*
Who give to *Cupid's* Arrows new supplyes,
Heading 'em from your *Face*, and not your *Eyes*,
Like *Cleaveland's* Lover, *Pallizado'd* in,
And fene'd by the sharp *Turn-pikes* of your *Chin.*
Happy the Man to whom you must disclose
The flaming Beauties of your *Rain-bow Nose!*
What tho' in vain t' approach your *Lips* he seek?
He may *with leave* come near, and kiss your *Cheek*;
If, as when *Turks* expect they should be heard
At *Prayer*, you will but turn aside your *beard:*

All

All this were true, tho' *Art* should you di
(grace
And shew *her own*, instead of *Nature*'s Face.
But you discreetly choose the *Russian* way,
And closely *veyl* it till the *Wedding-day*;
Not *Stega*-like, by too sincere a carriage,
Your *Imperfections* shew, and *mar your Mar*
(riage
You are resolv'd that *Faith* and *Stomach* to
Shall *meet* in him who must be *blest* with yo
And by so just a *Touch-stone* mean to prove
The *Mettal* of his Courage and his Love:
Nay, *Joan*, her self, whom he'l i'th dar
(embrace
When the Light comes, may have my L
(or's Face
He has his *Chance*, it may be good enoug
For all *Love*'s but a *Game* at Blind-man
(but
He who to meet a *Devil* does prepare,
Like *Spencer*'s *Knight*, may find an Ange
(there.
Missing a *Snake*, he may at last prevail
To hold a fat, tho' slipry *Eel* by th' Tail.
When *Psyche* thro' the Air to *Cupid* rode,
She fear'd a *Dragon*, but she found a *God*.
Suppose the worst, a *Rival*'s spight has so
Here's *Spouse* enough, tho' she had ne're
(Her

A just *proportion* every where behold,
And *Gold*, the Cream o'th' Jest, remember *Gold*;
Gold! Gold! those subtle *Charms* must needs prevail;
Gold! Gold! enow, had she nor *Head*, nor *Tail.*
Sure this must even the *flintyest Hearts* subdue;
Those *Chains*, those *Pearls*, those *Lockets*, all for you!
What if no *Cubbs* bless the ill-natur'd Joys?
Look, she's already stock'd with *yellow Boys*;
And she
May live like *Etheldreda*, undeflo'r'd,
While you
Lye with her *Coin*, and get her *Bags* with Child.

NOTES.

This Story, and the Lady's Picture--appertaining thereunto,---are notorious enough about London, *without Explication of the Subject in general.*

[Shoots Darts around like any *Porcupine.*]
She's pictur'd with a Bears-head, and consequently, her face all hairy.

[Like *Cleaveland's* Lover, *palizado'd in.*]
Alluding to what in Cleaveland's *Soldier*;
"[O let the Turn-pikes of my Chin
"Take thy *Half-moon* Fortress in.

[If, as when *Turks* expect they should be
(beard
At *Prayer*, you will but turn aside the *beard*.
A late Traveller, and ingenious Observer in Constantinople, *in the Relation he gives of their Customs in Devotion, has this among the rest; That when in the highest fit of Zeal, and Top of their Service, for an Ardent, they are to manage their Beards, or else the work is left uncompleat.*

[But you discreetly choose the *Russian way*,
And closely *veil* it till the *Wedding-day*.]
In the Description of Russia, *among* Struys's *Voyages, he describes this for one humour religiously observed in all their Marriages;——They never see one another till made fast.*

[Not *Stega*-like, &c.
This old Lady, in the Play, out of sincerity used to let her Courters see all her Imperfections——as her No-Teeth, No-Eyes, One-Leg, and frighted 'em all away.

[He who to meet a *Devil*, &c.
Like *Spencer's Knight*, &c.
See Spencer's Fairy Queen; *In one of the first Cantos——instead of an old Witch, the Knight found a brisk young Lady.*

[Whe

[When *Psyche*, &c.
She fear'd a *Dragon*, &c.

Psyche *was required by the Oracle to be exposed to a Dragon, as* Andromeda *to the Whale--When in pops* Cupid, *like* Perseus *himself, sets her at liberty, carrys her home, and all that*——

[She--may live, like *Etheldreda*, undefil'd, Vid. Fuller's Church-History, *p.* 91. *This* Etheldreda, *would you think it, was marryed to a Prince, and a King, and yet, by her own desire, liv'd still as pure a Virgin as ever*—— *her Mother was when she was born.*

An Anacreontique *on a Pair of* BREECHES.

GEntly flow, my easie Strain,
Smoother than *Tempe*'s Heav'nly Plain,
Smoother than e're *Anacreon* sung,
Anacreon sweet with *silver Tongue*.
When he by fair *Bathyllus* lay,
Melting his *softer hours* away.
No rough harsh sounds to gagg the Voice,
Nor hoarse Pindaric's grumbling Noise,
Soft as the amorous Turtles call,
Smooth as the whisp'ring Waters fall;

Smooth as thred-bare *Breeches* be,
Soft as the *Fustian* round my Knee.
Where shall I my work begin,
And stick the *Muse's Needle* in?
The Muses, which if *Fame* says true,
Were *Sempstresses* and *Taylors* too:
Where shall I use my artful Hand;
At the Knee, or at the Band?
Fruitless labour, fruitless pain!
All my skill and time's in vain:
Never will my Trouble end,
I eternally must mend;
For one hole starts out two more,
Hydra-like, or three, or four;
Patch on patch are new lay'd on,
Till th' old, like *Jason's Ship*, are gone.
Match't full lawfully they've bin,
For sure none were too near a kin.
From how many a narrow Hem
Has my Botcher *cabbag'd* them?
Spoils of Nations far and nigh,
Meer *Babel* of good Husbandry!
Not the *Jay* could Feathers boast
From so many a different Coast.
But since Friends at last must part,
Adieu, *Adieu*, with all my Heart;
Ill, as Friends to Poets use,
Give y' a good Name, and turn you loose.
Take your chance, your Fortune try,
Pray beg or starve, as well as I;

Tr

Trouble me with your Raggs no more,
Here's your Pass, and out of Door.
Ever honest, ever true,
You've stuck as fast as Shirt can do;
Which soon, if you no longer stay,
Will drop loose, and run away.
Long did your *lean Pockets* stare,
Like *Camelions*, fill'd with Air;
And what ever place were torn,
They be sure were ne'r o'reworn.
Generous *Six-pence* born with Pain,
Have often made 'em gape in vain;
Now they'l save that dreadful Charge,
They can far cheaper starve at large:
Take this Groat, and do not prate;
Take the half of my Estate:
Scamper now as well as I,
To the barren *Indys* fly,
And see if e're a Slave that's there,
Is Master of a lighter Pair.
Never fear where e're you go,
You're sure ne're to fall more low,
Till your selves with Earth you trust;
Ashes to *Ashes*, *Dust* to *Dust*.

NOTES

'[When he by fair *Bathillus* lay.]
See Mr. Creech's *admirable Translation of*

Horace; Epod. 14.

" Thus soft *Anacreon* for *Bathyllus* burn'd,
" And oft his Love he sadly mourn'd.
b [Patch on, Patch are still laid on,
Till the old like *Jasons Ship* are gone.

The Story of Jason's Ship *is almost as much worn, as its Subject; which was so often mended, and vampt up again, till not one plank of the Original-primitive Wood was left; tho' neither did that suffer so many Transmutations as the old Gentlemans Knife that had had five new hafts and seven new blades.*

A Tobacco Pipe.

IN these *raw* mornings, when I'me freezing (rip
What can compare with a *Tobacco-pipe?*
Prim'd, Cock't, and Toucht 'twould better (*heat* a man
a Than ten *Bath Faggots*, or *Scotch* warming (Pa
Let others *vamp* their *founder'd* Strength and (Ag
With Porringers of double brew'd *Pottage*
And those who thus to charge themselves are (loath
Break-fast upon a Quart of *Barley-broath!*

Fir

Fire-balls of *liquid flame*; Death in each drop
Let others guzzle at a *Brandy-shop*;
Till all their *moysture*, all their *Treasure* spent,
They stand, scorcht *Scheletons*, their own sad
(*Monument*!
Where each of these accustom'd *Cordials* fails,
Let others *Bite*, and others *blow* their *Nails*!
I have an *Universal Medicine* chose,
Which warms at once, my *Guts*, and *Hands*,
(and *Nose*.
Which like the noble *Coco-Tree*, is good
For Physick, or for Rayment, or for Food:
All you *experimental* men of *Thought*,
Who ever *Whirligigs* to *Gresham* brought;
Which *London* with *implicit* Knowledge sees,
Made up of *I*'s, and *O*'s, and *A*'s, and *B*'s;
Show me one *Engine* which your *Stores* enshrine,
That shall *Pit*, *Box*, and *Gallery* with mine?
When your rackt Brains to birth some *Embryo*
(bring,
That's oft for *nothing* Good, but mine for *eve-*
(*ry Thing*,
Ungrateful silly man, who makes *divine*
Those who at first invented *Corn* and *Wine*!
Nay he's *begodded* too whose casual Knocks,
On the *Anvil*, first found out a *Tinderbox*.
Ungrateful Man! whose memory slips that
(Name,
From whom *Tobacco pipes Invention* came!
But his more bulky worth's *too big* for fame.

Whose *Trump* would crack with that vast (work alone,
Nor any *Pipe* can sound his praise besides his (own.
His Brother-*Glyster-pipe*, that do's ascend,
And almost meet half-way at *t'other end*;
(New method for *Impaling*!) ne're could do,
That good of *one side*, which this can of *Two*:
My *Ambodexter* either way will go,
Now *Struts* above, now humbly *creeps* below;
Above its Virtues, ne're admitted strife,
Below 'tis said that once it sav'd a *Life*.
For, when *One* in that *speaking Trumpet* spoke,
He *laugh'd* so long till his *Imposthume* broke:
Up to its proper place we'll now return't,
(But *wipe* it first, or if you please, let's *burn't*!)
For the *Tooth-ake* 'tis a specifick aid,
For every *Amorous* Boy, or *Lovesick* Maid:
An hundred *Medcins* us'd and us'd in vain,
By each *Old Woman* taught to' allwage the (pain;
By each *Old Woman*, who their *Vertues try'd*,
Forty' year ago, when her third *Husband dy'd*;
Apply the *Pipe*! this *Instrument* will cure,
The Surgeons *Fire*, or *Pincers* scarce so sure,
Tho' they the most *effectual* Method take;
Cut off the *Head*, I'll warn't no more 'twill *Ach*,

This

This gently heals, while *Chrystal streams* (distill,
As from the *Mother-Rock* some *plenteous Rill*,
Tho' not, like that, enough to *drive a Mill*.
Thence *Chrystal Streams* with gentle *murmures* (flow,
Where *little Nimphs* may play, for ought we (know,
Fine Tod-pole *Nymphs* soon rotten and soon (ripe,
With *taper Tails* like *Sire* Tobacco-pipe;
Like those which *Virtuoso Glasses* spy,
A thousand times less than a lusty Louses eye:
Sometimes another way to work 'twill go,
Up spouts a *Deluge* from the *Abyss* below;
This *Physick* is more safe, (tho' not so fine,)
Than *Bumpers*, crown'd too oft with spright- (ly *Wine*:
A *Glass* is not a better *cure* than *that*,
For *Care*, or *Toothach*, both of which would (*kill a Cat*;
But if we sad *experience* credit may,
The Pipe's o'th' *Two* by far the surer way.
No Brawls, no Wounds, nor Bangs, nor (Scars appear,
With such as will discreetly *frollick* here:
But Wine, *confounded* Wine one can't miscall,
Wine on a *Poets* word, 's the *Deel* and all;
That Fiend, when *conjured up*, I tell you true,
Even with *Tobacco-pipes* can *murders do*.

Wine, that mad Bully, for a painted *Drabb*,
With these *blunt swords* e're now has giv'n a
(*Stabb*.
When such as use my *Pipe* but *wisely* will,
Employ its Aid to *cure* and not to *kill*;
Not *Bezoar* stone, nor that miraculous *Horn*,
Which decks the strange *Invisible Unicorn*;
Can deadly *Poysons* subtle streams, as well,
As my Tobacco-pipe, when charg'd expell
The long-liv'd *Harts* medicamental Breath,
Gives himself Aid, and the blew *Vipers* Death;
So, if this Sovraign *Antidote* you try,
On *Spiders*, streight they swell and burst, and
(*Dye*.
To what e're luckless Post the *Plague* advance,
'Twill chase it thence, like *Fires of Ossi-*
(*nanes*:
Tho' all around with *bloomy* Deaths beset,
Here is the never failing *Amulet*;
Tho' in the *Cart* with bloated *Corps* you
(*lay*,
Like the *blind*-*Piper*, you might rise, and
(*play*:
Venc't but with this Tobacco-pipe,
And when long hence you bless the welcome
(*stroke*,
Then, when the Pipe is out, your Glass is
(*broke*;
The Pipe, the immortal pipe if us'd before,
To after-Years transmits your Glory's o're;
For

For that can best (as you may quickly prove
Settle the Wit, as *Pudding settles Love.*
T'will fix your *Judgment*, render grave and
(sage,
And make the *Reason* overtake the *Age*:
For this *his* wondring *Servants* us'd to lay,
[p] Before a *Lord* full *thirty* Pipes a Day;
With this was *Herebord* acquainted; when
He smoakt, and writ, and spit, and smoakt
(again.
Poets the *Glass* with *Fancy* do's inspire,
The Pipe mounts our *Philosopher* far higher;
And *moulds* him *Syllogisms*, tough, and strong,
And *polishes* his Labours all along.
Demosthenes his works o'th' *Lamp* did smell,
His o'th' *Tobacco-pipe*, and that's as well;
And least he should be idle forc'd to stand,
When for a prop, it askt his *Helping hand*;
Like such a Scholar, he, with wondrous skill,
[q] Did a fine Hole thro' greasy *Beaver* drill;
And when the' Ingenious *Mechanism* was done,
Upon that *Rest* in *quiet* plants his *Gun*.
Sure when *Prometheus* climb'd above the
(*Poles*,
Sliely to learn their art of *making Souls*;
When of his *Fire* he fretting *Jove* did wipe,
He stole it thence in a *Tobacco-pipe*:
Which predispos'd to live, as down he ran,
By the Souls Plastic power from *Clay* was
(turn'd to Man,
And

And what, even now will make it seem more (like,
Some *sparks* remain in't still, if you'l but (strike:
This had, ith' dark the smoaking *Drunkard* (known,
That he'd so much about him of his own;
He never would for the cold Glow-worm (grope,
Puffing his *Pipe* in vain with *Fire I hope*!
Not only with dull *usefulness* content,
This Engine too is fit for *Ornament*:
When wooing *Cocky's Locks* will curl no (more
Than his Good natur'd Fathers *horns* before;
When *Christmas Box* with *little Wool* is big,
And *Barber* will not trust him for a *Wig*:
When all means fail, what think ye in the (end,
But the *Tobacco-pipe* must prove his Friend?
On this, till Half-asleep, with pains, and (care,
Ten times as long as at his yawning prayer,
In dainty Frizz he twists his frighted Hair.
Hair, which would make *Alecto's* Vipers start,
With whose fire Ropes he'l noose his own (sweet-heart:
Whether she rolls to *Hampton* in a *Boat*,
With *gaudy-yellow-Tubby-Petticoat*;

Or

Or mounting the *Exchange*, she bridles in
The dainty *Dewlaps* of her portly *Chin*;
Still younkers charming, dangling Locks (inspire,
Like any Squibb, whole streams of amorous (fire;
And the warm wamblings of unnam'd De- (sire.

Peaceful Tobacco-pipes none ought to scorn,
Which can *defend*, and not alone *adorn*;
When unprovok'd 'tis true, they're soft, and (tame,
And only big with calm, with *Lambent Flame*:
So does the Jolly *Cannons* cheerly roar,
On bright *high-days* salute the cluster'd Shore;
But in stearn war spews *loads of deadly flame*,
As much a *Lyon* now, as once a *Lamb*.
So these when with no other weapons sped,
Have many serv'd instead of murdring *Lead*;
'Twill either *lead*, or *drive*, and makes with (ease,
Either a *Mould*, or *Bullet*, which you please.

When *Hercules* at old *Evanders* house,
Reform'd from *cutting Throats*, to keeping (Cows;
Cacus thought it not fair one should have all,
And kindly dragg'd some of his *Heard* to *Stall*:
The *Hero* swears to find his *Victuals* stole;
And tracks at last, the subtle *Fox* to *Hole*:

Whose

Whose charg'd *Tobacco-pipe* as soon as come,
Smoaks even his *Hunter* out of house and (home;
This was his *Sword*, and this was his defence,
Frighting poor *Hang-dog*, Club and all from (thence:
Heroick pipe! worthy both *Pipes and Tabours!*
Thou'rt *Cock of Hercules* and all his Labours.
And now to relish a long *Winters* Tale,
O for a Nut-brown Cup of *Christmass Ale!*
But *all the craft's in getting it*; 'tis froze,
And drops scarce half so fast as *Moyster Nose:*
The *Pipe* to *Pot* was ever kind and true,
And that or nothing must the business do;
Heat it *Red hot* and change it for a *Tap*,
'Twill quickly thro' the *Chrystall* force a Gap.
Now bring the Boles, drink *in your own defence!*
For now a new born River bubbles thence;
This ever has the safest Course been found,
To giv'ta *Glyster*, when the Hogs-heads *bound.*
Let stiff *Don-Diego* load the lowsie Brush,
That *hedges* in his mouth with snotty *Snush:*
In vain he the far nobler smoaker mocks,
And in one *Knick-knack* wears both *Pipe* and (*Box*,
New fangled *London* thus perhaps may do,
And like old *Misses*, leave old *Friends* for new:
The *West* is the *Tobacco-pipes* chief Throne,
He there like *Saxon Monarchs* reigns alone:

Wild

Wild-Irish-Brats, as soon as Breath they draw,
Are dos'd with a kind Cup of *Usquebagh*.
Discretion bids us learn where e're we can,
Since wiser *Brutes* have often tutor'd *Man*;
Thus *Western* Children, tho' not quite so ripe,
As theirs, are *mean'd* on a *Tobacco-pipe*:
This does the *Sucking Bottles* place supply,
'Tis *Pap-Meat* when they're hungry, *drink* when dry;
When hot this cools, this warms when they're a-cold;
A perfect *Kolmacho* for Young, and Old;
The *Child* with ne're a *Tooth*, and the Old *Crone*,
Whose two black *Stumps* check such as say she has none:
Who, crept thro' fourscore year, with care, and pain,
Has made a shift to grow a *Child* again.

The *Miner* there, with an *Implicite Faith*,
Crediting what his *Upper-neighbour* saith;
Who seldom taking pains to Look abroad,
Believes a *Sup* as he believes a God:
For the Companion of his Hopes and Fears,
Takes a *Tobacco-pipe*, *well struck in years*;
Old as himself, lam'd by some *Hurlers* rage,
Short, and decrepid grown with nameless age,
Still like some Sea-worn *Cliff*, it lesser grows,
Just match't at last to his *Commodious* Nose:

With

With this, not was sweet *Orpheus* arm'd a (well
With *Harp*, with this he sinks almost to *Hell*.
By some strange chance, from an old plun- (der'd Vein,
Like *Tyrian Pick-axe*, brought to *Light* again:
See where 'tis fall'n among a Ring of *Boys*,
Who from it blow thin worlds of gaudy Joys.
Fine, soon-ripe *Bubbles*, Alamode, and Gay,
Dress't in the Glory's of the blooming Day:
Bright as *Court-Madam*, tho' they hardly be,
Perhaps as *tender*, or as *frail* as she;
Created both by *Breath*, both upwards born,
Proud in the *Beauty's* of the Rainbow Morn:
And thus, when sailing thro' the heavier Skys,
By *Breath* 'twas made and liv'd, by *Breath* it (dyes;
And that same *Blast* on which it self it rears,
Dashes the airy *Jewell* into *Tears*.
A Wondrous turn! my pipe at last (*You see!*)
Is *Pulpit* grown, and preaches *Vanity*;
'Tis sign he's sick——Rogues at the fatal day,
Thus *curses* use to' unlearn, and learn to *pray*:
Then from some careless *Boy's* loose hand he (flyes,
And tumbles down, and *Breaks his Neck*, and (*dyes*.

NOTES.

NOTES.

[Than ten *Bath Faggots*, or *Scotch*-warming (Pan.]

The Bath Faggots *are so notorious for their exceeding Littleness, that two of 'em were carry'd thence in a Gentleman's* Portmantean *as far as* Cornwall *for a Rarity, one of which, to this Day (or very lately) hangs up there for a* Sign. [Scotch-*warming-pan*] *is the* Hostesses *brown Daughter.*

[Like the *Coco-Tree, is good,* ——
For Physick, or for Rayment, or for Food.]

See the Divine Herberts Poem *on* Providence. " [*The* Indian Nut *alone* —— *Is Meat, Drink, Cordage, Sayling, all in one.*]

[All you *experimental* men of *Thought.*]

Sowle! *comes the Critick with a* Dilemma *a top of this poor Verse, if* [*Experimental*] quo' *he; how* [*Men of Thought.*]? *Why to give a civil Answer to a civil Question* —— *The Experiments must be* thought *on, and scolded, and quarrel'd for too, both before and after they are made.*

[Made up of *I's*, and *O's*, and *A's*, and *B's.*]

Letters often put for References in Engins, from the Picture to the Explanation, —— *and here, Mr.* Reader, *take notice, were I in my Sobers Senses, writing Reasonable prose, I should not*

not be so sawcy to reflect on those great, worthy Persons; But 'twill here I hope be taken only for a little Spice of Furor Poeticus.

[Those who at first invented *Corn*, and *Wine*.]

Ceres, *and* Bacchus *worship'd in most places of the* Pagan *World*.

[Whose casual Knocks, ——
On the *Anvile*, first found out a *Tinderbox*.]

Vulcan, *who being the god both of* Fire, *and all* Iron-*work*, *'tis to be suppos'd invented that necessary piece of Houshold-stuff; at least there's as good Record for his making this as* Æneas's *Armour*.

[For every *Amorous* Boy, or *Love-sick* (*Maid*.]

Among other new Discoveries in Philosophy, this is universally now receiv'd —— That Love is the cause of Tooth-ach.

[The Surgeons *Fire*, or *Pincers* scarce so (sure.]

For the Toothach, (*besides the* present Remedy *sold under the* Exchange) *some burn a Vein in the Ear —— and if that fails —— Out with't!*

[Where *little Nymphs* may play for ought (we know. ——]

[Like those which *Vertuoso Glasses* spy,
A thousands times less than a lusty Lowses eye.]

This is not to be understood, without stepping into the new World of Microscopes: *where among the*

the rest, One Mr. (what's his hard name?) Lewenhoec, a Dutchman, *discovered in Rain-water* Animalentes *consisting of six Globuls, two horns, and a tapering Tayl; one of 'em, a thousand times less than the eye of a Fat Louse: vid.* Transactions of Royal Society. ——*Vol.* eleventh, *p.* 821.

[The long-liv'd *Hart's* medicamental (Breath.]

Natural Historians report of the Hart, *that by the force of its Breath,* Serpents *are ferretted out of their holes, on which he feeds for Physick: vid.* Guillems Heraldry.

[Twill chase it thence, like *Fires of Ordinance.*]

At a certain City, either in Germany, *or* France (Tournay *or* Towres *I think, 'twas*) *when the* Plague *was begun, by the command of the Magistrate all the Guns on the Walls were several times discharg'd together, which purified the Air, and remov'd the Sickness.*

[The' all around with *bloomy* Deaths be set.]

I have heard of one, in the great Plague *at* London —— 65. *That going over a pit where many of the Dead were heap't in, perceiv'd a bloomy smell to arise thence, faint, like that of White Roses* —— *He went home, told the story, made nothing of't, but in a day or two sicken'd and dy'd of the same disease.*

[Like

[Like the *Blind-piper*, you might rise and (play.]

His story is known to most, sure, that know London: *Lying dead drunk he was thrown up in a Cart of the dead, in the* Plague-*time; when he woke he fell a playing, just as he was tumbling into Pit-hole, and so scape't.*

[Before a *Lord*, full *thirty* Pipes a day.]

A London *Lord, who every Morning made his People fill him thirty Pipes, and lay 'em for service in his Study.*

[Did a fine Hole thro' greasie *Beaver* drill.]

The famous Herebord *is reported to be a great Friend to the Tobacco-pipe: but wanting his Hand to turn the Leaves, invented a way to rest his Pipe thro' a Hole in the Brim of his Hat.*

[Some *Sparks* remain in't still, if you but (*strike.*]

A Tobacco-pipe strikes fire on a Cane —— *But that's not all.* —— *In the Translation of the* Academy del Cimento, *p.* 159. *Tobacco-pipes, if broken in the Night emit sparkles like a Flint.*

[Puffing his *Pipe* in vain with —*Fire I hope.*]

A drunken fellow riding home by night with a Pipe in's Mouth, at last spyd a Glowworm on the ground, and when his Pipe was out, alights, and holds it to the Glow-worm to light it.

[In dainty *Fris.* he hoists his frighted Hair,]

—— *Experto crede Roberto?*

[*Cacus*

[*Cacus* thought it not fair one ſhould have (all:]

See Virg. *Æneads.* Hercules *turn'd Grazier, and fed his Cows near* Cacus *his Den, who dragg'd ſome of 'em backwards into his Hole:* —— Hercules, *as an honeſt man ſhould, very careful of his Cattle, makes a Shift to track him, by the help of the Calves. What do me* Cacus *but as you'l find next note.*

[With charg'd *Tobacco-pipe*, as ſoon as (come.]

This is the moſt probable conjecture to be made of Cacus *his defence* —— *'tis plain he ſmoak't* Hercules *away* —— *'Tis very likely 'twas with a pipe of of Tobacco. See* Virgil *elſe.*

[Faucibus ingentem fumum mirabile dictu,
Evomit, involvitque domum caligine cæcâ,
Proſpectum eripiens oculis. ——

A very Periphraſis *for* Tobacco.

[——*Pipe* worthy both *Pipes* and *Tabours.*]

Cry ye mercy for the Pun! *but I could'n for my Heart get e're another* Ryme.

[Thus *Weſtern* Children, *&c.*
Are *Wean'd* on a *Tobacco-pipe.*]

'Tis common in ſome parts of the Weſt, *for Children, no higher than their Lace-peels, to ſit Working and Smoaking.*

[A perfect *Kolmacho* for Young and Old.]

Kolmacho *is an hard word* —— (*In Engliſh* (*all heal*) *given to a new invented Cordial.*

[Credit-

[a] [Crediting what his *Upper Neighbours* salth.]

'Tis *the Custom among the* Spaniards, *for their Slaves to continue ever in the* Mines. *Every body knows not to the contrary of the Cornish Miners* —— *such as do, I'd entreat 'em to hold their peace and not spoil a* fancy.

[b] [Lam'd by some *Hurlers* rage,]

Scarce ever an Hurling but some or more are lamed or kill'd —— (*Ware Critick here!*)

[c] [Like Tyrian *Pick-axe*, brought to Light (again.]

Here's a fair opportunity to show ones Learning, and read half an hour on Barat-anack, *and* Cassiterides, *but I shall only tell such as don't know't better than my self, that the* Tyrians *came hither for* Tin, *and some of their Brazen Instruments have been found in Old Mines.*

ON

On a COW's TAIL.

THou who didst round *Cecropian* Pastures (rove,
Turn'd Bull, an *horny* and an *hairy Jove!* [a]
(Tho' sure that shape had better serv'd than (now,
When beauteous *Io* was transform'd to *Cow*) [b]
Who a meer *Brute* did'st of meer *Thunder* (make,
A *four-leg'd Lover* for *Europa*'s sake;
And when thy purchase was from shore con- (veigh'd,
(The shining *Cargo* of a *Royal* Maid)
Did'st to a *Rudder* turn thy well-hung *Tayl*,
Whil'st her loose flowing *Garments* serv'd (for *Sayl*:
Pilot my tottering *Bark* with Aid Divine,
Vent'ring thro' Seas far more unknown than (thine!
Help me in my *Cows Tail*, the rest shall be
Part of a grateful *Hecatomb* to Thee.

The *Tail* full oft above the *Head* prevails,
And *Heaven* and *Earth* resound the Praise of (*Tails*.

See

See where in *Heaven* the *Dog*'s bright *Tail*
(does shine,
A *Cynosure* not half so long as *mine*:
On *Earth* walk where you will, in every
(place
One *Tayl* or other slaps you o're the Face.
The Kingly *Lyon* whirls his Sceptral *Train*,
Roaring at the encountring *Gnat* in vain;
The Victor *Gnat* in the next Fight does fall
And drops beneath the *Cow*'s all-conquering
(*Tail*
That *Tail* which kills whate'r it's force with-
stand
As sure's a Club,—in *Hercules*'s hand's.
When the *mad Dog-star* scatters *sultry Beams*
And drives the *toiling Herd* to shades and
(Streams
Armys of *Flys*, of different Notes and Wings
Goad 'em all ore with their vexatious stings
Vainly does now the *hare-dock't Horse* com-
(plain
And wish for his dismember'd *Tail* again;
Who of his Freedom us'd before to boast,
Then *gain'd*, when such a *Burden* he had *lost*
(So the sly *Fox*, who of his *Tail* could make
Hook, Net and Line, at every Brook and
(Lake
And when too faint he the hot *Hunter* flyes
With *pissen Tail* strike out the *Terrier*'s Eyes

Wh

When not so well he from the *Trap* had fled,
But with his *Tail* compounded for his *Head*;
To scape his salt Companions Mockery,
Hed have 'em *tail-less* all as well as he.)
But now the *Cow* with brandish'd *Tail* falls (on,
Proclaiming open War with *Accaron*;
Millions of *Insect-Warriors* at her fly,
Millions of *Insect-Warriors* murmuring dye.
So falls a murdering *Chain-shot* whizzing (round,
(Amazing, like less dreadful *Thunder*'s sound)
When thro' a Troop of *Iron Horsemen* horn,
Beneath the Reaper's *Hook* so drops the *Corn*.
So when the scaly Lord of fruitful *Nile*,
The dreadful Spear-contemning *Crocodile*,
Is by his *trembling* Enemies beset,
Trusting in vain a feeble Dart or Net;
With his *Tail*'s Whisk he long-long Ranks (o'rethrows,
And stalks in *Triumph* o're his prostrate Foes.
The *Turks* when they'll their Enemies as- (sail,
For a red Flag hang out an *Horse*'s Tail:
Unjustly done, when it must be confest
From this, the *Cow*'s the far more valiant (Beast.
But if from *cloudy* Wars we start away
To downy Pleasure's happy *Sun-shine* day,

There the *Cow*'s Tail does other *Tails* surpass
As far as the brisk *Horse* the lazy *Ass*.
This the sage *Priests* of mighty *Apis* knew,
What e'r the rude unthinking *Vulgar* do.
Apis is gone; hearк the lamenting Crowd
Raving about, *bellow* his loss aloud:
Apis is gone, nor can their Tears prevail;
Yet they'd not care, had he but *left his Tail*.
Priests, Prince and People search the Stalls around,
Until the happy, happy *Tail* is found,
Whilst every trembling Son of *Nile* prepares
To adore the sacred *Tail* with *two white Hairs*!
Nor less should th' *Indian* this blest *Relique* prize,
Without whose kind support he sinks and dies.
Where *Orellana*'s Sea-like Waters lave
The steepy Banks with a resounding Wave,
Or *De-la-plata*'s headlong Flood-gates roar,
Rolling fresh *Oceans* down each mouldring Shore;
Where no proud Bridge dares the wild River ride,
At a *Cow*'s *Tail* the *Indian* stemms the Tide;
Ferry'd without expence of Coin or Breath,
Safe, tho' but a *hair's length* 'twixt him and Death.
Safer than *Damocles*, when at the Board
A single *Hair* sustain'd the shining Sword.

Ladys by the ſoft *Magic* of their Eyes,
Like *Angels*, waſting thro' the ſcattering Skys,
Weak proſtrate Mortals dazle and ſurprize.
From Head to Foot, their Charms, their Port and State,
A *Cow's Tail* to the *life* does imitate.
Have you e're ſeen a *Nymph* at ſome bright *Hall*,
In a Triumphant Maſquerade or *Ball*,
Move ſoft and ſmooth like Gales of *Weſtern* Wind,
Whilſt her looſe flowing *Train* ſweeps far behind;
Even ſo, believ't, the *Cow's Tail* dangles down,
Like ſupernumerary piece of Gown:
The *Ancients* or *Hiſtorians* Lies have told,
Pure *Carrots* call'd pure Threds of beaten Gold:
Tho' Goats *Pulvilio's* hardly ranker ſmell,
Nor any wrizzled *Succubus* of Hell:
But all which to our nicer World appear
Marks of Beauty, all concenter here;
The Tail's Complexion is a lovely *Fair*,
Shaded around with charming *cole-black* hair.
Now, *Tail, right Worſhipful!* I'l lead thee home,
As great as conquering *Scipio* entring *Rome*;

Thee to a place of rest I'l calmly bear,
Like *Turkey Rams* in a triumphant *Carr*.[a]
For such as faults with my *Cow*'s Tail have
(found,
Here's a fair Rump;——Genteels! you're
(welcom round
Hur *Cow* shall now with any *Cow* compare;
Let any say *hur Cow is hurs, that dare.*[c]

NOTES.

[a] [Turn'd Bull, an *horny* and an *hairy Jove.*]
See the Tale of Jupiter's *transmogrifying his Divinity into a Bull for the love of* Europa, *as every Post-dawber's in Town!——but rarely described in* Lucian, *in a Dialogue between* Notus *and* Zephyrus. *Quære, in this case, as was said in another of the fighting* Bishop: *If a* Butcher *had here sawcily knock'd down the* Bull, *what had become of the God-ship?*

[b] [When beauteous *Io* was transform'd to
(*Cow.*]
Related in the authentick Chronicle of Ovid's Metamorphosis.——*The Chapter and Verse you may find at your leisure.*

[c] [Part of a grateful *Hecatomb* to thee.]
This——Hecatomb *is an hard Greek word*
us

usually taken for a Sacrifice of an hundred Oxen.
——*But tho' mine be a Cow, every body won't see the Bull in the case.*

[*A Cynosure* not half so long as mine.]
The Constellation call'd the little Bear, *in Greek is* Cynosura, *which is in plain* English, Dogs-Tail.

[Proclaiming open War with *Accaron.*]
The God of Flyes,——The same with Belzebub *in Sacred, and* Muyoides, *and* Jupiter Apomuyus *in Profane Authors.* Vid. Cowley's *Annotations on Plagues of* Ægypt, *p.* 82.

" And *Accaron*, the Aiery Prince, led on
(their various Host.
[With his *Tail's* whisk he long-long *Ranks*
(o'rethrows,
That Creature is reported to have a prodigious force in his Tail, with which he sweeps down what-e're comes near.

[The *Turks*, when they'l their Enemies
(assail,
For a red Flag, hang out an *Horse's* Tail.]
This is a Custom common with them to the Tartar, *and many other of those barbarous Nations. If I misremember not, they deduce this Custom from their great* Ottoman, *the top of the* Oguzian *Family.*

[*Apis* is gone, nor can their Tears prevail,]
[Yet they'd not care, had he but left his
(*Tail.*

The Ægyptians worshipping an Oxe, is notorious; nay, that was one of their Di majorum Gentium; *their Saints and little sucking Gods were Rats, Birds, Cats, and Leeks, Onions.* (Welch *Deities.*) *But the manner of Devotion to their Oxe, under the name of* Apis, Serapis, Isis, Osiris,——*made even that too as extravagant as all the rest. Among other Perquisites necessary for the Election of a new God, which was every year after they had drown'd the old; one indispensable was,——Two peculiar Hairs, and no more, on the Tail;——But why no more, nor less, as Dr.* Fuller *says, the Devil knows. This too explains the Verse following;*

[T' adore the sacred *Tail* with two *white* (*Hairs.*]

[1] Ovellana, and [2] Delaplata, } *Two famous Rivers in the* Indys.

[3] [At a *Cow's Tail* the *Indian* stemms the (Tide.]

Thus Peter Martyr *in his* Decads.——*He says, 'tis common with the* Indians *to tye a Stick cross-ways at the Tail of a Cow, and seating themselves thereon, drive her into the water; who being used to the sport, swims very faithfully with the Cargo behind.——If any doubt of the truth on't, 'tis but stepping over for a day or two to the* Indys, *and they may be speedily satisfy'd.*

[4] [Safet

[Safer than *Damocles*, when at the Board,
A single *Hair* sustain'd the shining Sword.]

Damocles *one of* Dyonisius's *Flatterers, admiring the Tyrant's felicity, was by his order to taste what 'twas, adorn'd with the Royal Robes, and waited on as a Prince; but for the sharp sawce with his sweet meat, when thus in all his Grandezza, at Table, a naked Sword was hung over his Head, ty'd only by a Hair, which soon spoil'd his sport, and made him glad of liberty again.*

[Pure *Carrots* call'd pure Threads of beaten Gold.]

Yellow hair was accounted a great piece of Beauty, not only by the old Romans, *and that part of the World; but here in* England *too: Among other Receipts for fortifying the face, &c. in an old English Book, there's a way to make the Hair yellow.*

[Like *Turkey Rams* in a Triumphant *Carr.*]

Mr. Sands *and others that write of the* Eastern *Countrys, describe a kind of Sheep there, whose Tails weigh forty pound a piece, and are alway drawn after 'em by a little Cart.*

[Let any say *hur Cow is hurs, that dare.*]

Alluding to a Story of a Welch-man *who stole a Cow with a cut Tail, and brought it to Market, but artificially sew'd on another Tail:---The owner sees it at the Market, looks wistly on't, and concludes, if it had not a Tail too much, he durst swear 'twas his own: At this hur* Welch *Plud*

draws her Knife, cuts the Tail off above the place where 'twas sow'd on, throws t'other piece into the River, and bids him now own it if he dar'd.

The Lyar.

FOR *Naked Truth* let others write,
And fairly prove that *Black's* not *white*;
Quarrel and scold, then scratch and bite,
Till they're with Cuffing weary:
Give me a *Lye*, trickt neat and gay,
As fine as any *Hedge* in *May!*
Most *think* so too, altho' they'll *say*,
Perhaps, the clean contrary.
The *Courtier* first is counted rude,
If he's with *Lying* unendu'd;
Nay, when he's in his *Altitude*,
He gives it *Oaths* for *Clenching*:
The brisk and young sowre *Truth* despise,
And kick her back to th' Old and Wise;
Wenching's the Gallant's Life, a Lye's
The very *Life* of Wenching.
Room for the Man of *Parchment* next,
Whose *Comments* so confound the *Text*,
And Truth's *High-road* so much perplext,
One scarce can e're get at it;

With

With his own practice not content,
He'll either quote, or he'l invent,
He'll *find* or *make* a *Preſident*,
And gravely lie by *Statute*.
Next the poor *Scholar* loaden comes
With packs of *Sentences* and *Summs*,
Scratches his Head, and bites his Thumbs,
For Truth is all his vigour;
Like *Lynceus* ſelf, O who but he
The *Eſſences* of *things can* ſee;
When he deceives but *orderly*,
And lies in *Mood* and *Figure*.
Who but the *Poet* ought t' appear
I'th end? who ſhould bring up the *Rear*,
But he who without *Wit* or *Fear*
Lays on his Lyes by *Cluſters*?
Never of ſneaking *Truth* afraid,
He'll her with *open Arms* invade,
And dreadful Armies in his Aid
Of his own *Hero's* muſters.
Well, ſince on all ſides 'tis confeſt,
A *quiet life* muſt needs be beſt;
Who'd think it hard to purchaſe reſt
By ſuch a ſmall complying?
Let him that will ſpeak *Truth* for me!
Truth the worſt *Incivilitie!*
I'd rather in the *Faſhion* be,
Since *all the World's for Lying*.

NOTES.

[a] [Like *Lynceus* self, &c.

This Mr. Lynceus *was, you must know, a mighty quick-sighted fellow;——He could see thro' Walls, Houses,—and Ships at Sea, at the greatest distance, and—— But that's enough already to believe at once.*

On a Hat broke at Cudgels;

"And them like greasie Coraubeck,
"Pinn'd up behind—no scabby Neck
*To shew Sr.—(*The Ramble.*)*

NO silly *Frog*, nor *Mouse*, no *Snake* nor *Gnat*,
Hag-rides my *Muse*, 'tis an unlucky *Hat*,
Whose sudden *Rise*, and *Fall* I mean to tell:
O for a *Dose* of the *Cassidium* Well,
The *Tumbridge* of *Olympus!* well may I
My *whistle* wet, for sure the *Subject*'s dry.
At *School* of Hat I've made a *Pitcher* trim,
And suck't *sweet* Water from its *greasie* brim;
But

But tho it went to th' Well so oft before,
At *last* it's crack't, alas! and holds no more.
Of all the *Coverings* which have e're been found,
Or black, or blew, or green, or square, or round,
Crowns lin'd with *Thorns*, (with Reverence be it sed,)
Beavers with *Wings*, a *Felt* with *Logger-head*;
High Cap of *Maintenance*, low Cap of *Fool*,
High *Cardinals Cap*, low Cover of *Close-stool*;
Little or great, broad, narrow, course or fine,
Ne're was such an *unlucky Hat* as mine.
When Mr. *Haberdasher* was content
For many a *supple* Cringe and Complement,
To trust me for't at *Interest twelve per Cent.*
From some good-natur'd Friend, I know not who,
I made a shift to wring an *Hat-band* too.
Now all that see me wondring round me stand,
Like *Nunckle* quite disguiz'd in a clean *Band*.
As if to N. or M. I backwards came,
They on me stare, and ask me *what's my name?*
They dream I'm grown *pileo donatus*, free
From rusty Chains of lowsie Poetry:
But all their kind surmizes were in vain;
Nature held fast, I soon grew *Cat* again.

A *Cudgel* splits the Brim, new Lights surprize
The sudden Breach, and blind my dazzled
(Eyes;
Then lest the Fissure should a mark be sed
Of Satan's cloven Foot upon a Poet's Head;
Some gentle Lad an't please ye! overkind,
Like Bully-*Hec's*, buttons it up behind.
Well, he deserv'd each angry Muses Curse,
For this but made the better side the worst.
Twas tuckt so close, My Honour seem'd
(to be
One of *Quevedo's Knights of th' Industrie*.
Thus had you seen't, you might be bold to
(swear,
Armies of hungry Rats had feasted there.
Since Charity saves him from just Vengeance,
(all
My teen on the unlucky Hat must fall,
Whose Traytorous *Ancestors* by *Kings* com-
(mand,
Were with the *Cardinals* exil'd the Land.
Those golden days, those happy dayes of
(Yore,
When honest Caps the brightest *Gourrier*
(wore,
May they come in again, and quite displace,
With luckier *Omens*, all thy luckless race.
May'st thou, if that be possible, sink down
Below the Scandal of a Poet's Crown,

In

In Healths tost up, pawn'd ere the Reck-
(ning's payd,
Then in the Kennel by thy Master lay'd:
Then cry'd about with an old *Coat* or *Shoe*,
Be ever travelling, like the *wandring Jew*?
Nor will I ever call thee back agen,
Till *Poets* are made *Lords*, or *Aldermen*.

NOTES.

[1] [O for a Dose of the *Castalian* Well!]
In Poetical Jargon *this is only a Variation of* Helicon; *but the downright meaning is,*——*a Glass of good Canary.*

[2] [They dream I'm grown *pileo donatus.*]
To give the Slave liberty of wearing a Hat, was either a Token or Formality of his Freedom.

[3] [Nature held fast, I soon grew *Cat* again.]
Alluding to the Fable of the Cat *turn'd into a Woman, who running even then after Mice, was again* returned to the place from whence she came.

[4] [One of *Quevedo's Knights of th' Industrie.*]
In Quevedo's [Buscon,] *or a kind of a* Spanish *Rogue, he has a pleasant description of a Fraternity who honour'd another with the most Noble order of* Knights of the Industrie. *Among other fancies this was one;*——*They but-*
ton'd

ton'd their Hats of one side, only because the Rats had eat away all that Brim.

[Herewith the *Cardinals* exil'd the Land.]

In King Henry eighth's *time, either an Order, or an Act was made, that none should presume, what ever figure he bore, to wear any Hat, but only woollen Caps then all in use.*

[Be ever Travelling like the *Wandring Jew.*]

This wandring Jew, *(if there be any Truth in* Ballads, *as I hope none that reads this question) ever since the Death of Christ has been trotting round the World: For fuller satisfaction consult the* Penny Chronicle *of his Life.*

A Covetous old Fellow having taken occasion to hang himself a little; another comes in, in the nick, and cuts him down; but instead of Thanking him for his Life, he accuses him for spoyling the Rope.

YOu Dog! y' ha' *spoyl'd* my Rope! 'twas (strong, and tight,
And cost I'me sure a *Groat* but t'other Night;
A good substantial *Rope* to give its Due,
'Twould hold an hundred *heavier* Rogues (than You.
I'll

I'll *swear the Peace*! I stood in fear o' my Life;
He *vi & armis* came; he brought a *Knife*;
With which, tho' I for certain cannot know't,
I doubt the Villain meant to *cut my Throat*.
How e're he spoil'd my Goods, the best I had,
He cut my Rope *I'me sure*, and that's as bad;
I'll *trounce* the *Rogue*; I'll try from *Court* to
(*Court*,
If there be any *Law in England* for't:
Must such an *Arbitrary* Cur as he,
Divest one of ones *Right*, and *Property*?
No — if the *Judge* such tricks as these allows,
A Man shan't *hang* himself in his *own House*:
And who dreads not such *presidents* as that?
Nay, 'tis in vain! I'll ne're *referr't*, That's flat.
When sweetly dangling 'twixt the *Earth* and
(*Sky*,
I was *rapt* up in *Hempen-Extasie*;
(Which all who view'd my *lovely Snout* might
know,)
When all my *dregs of Man* were dropt below:
The envious wretch dragg'd back my Stare-
(ing Soul,
Just *chambring* up against the steepy *Pole*,
And when with *Liberty* grown free and Wild,
Chain'd it to a *Corps*, (an't please ye!) *all de-*
(*filed*,
What *Soul alive* for both the *Indys* riches,
Would e're descend to *such a pair of Breeches*?

Let's

Lets hang *him* up for saving *me*, and then
If e're I cut *him* down, e'ne hang *me* up agen!

(a) *On a Supper of a Stinking Ducks.*

COme all you brisk *Lads* that have ever (been seen,
At the place that you wot of hight—— (*Clerken-well*-Green!
First of all *Merry Mac*, come and taste our (good cheer,
For our Hearts will all *vibrate* thy *Lyricks* to (hear.
One and all run and *Saddle* your *Cans*, or your (*Beast*,
And haſten full ſpeed to the bountiful Feaſt!
In pow'rful *Gambado's*, or ſinical Boot;
In a thrid-bare old *Cloak*, or a new *Sur le tout*!
Or flaming with *Fringe*, or meek *Kid* on your (Hand,
With bluſtering *Cravat*, or reverent *Band*!
Both peaceable Hazle, and Kill-devil Steel,
Both *Tory-Bamboo*, and *Fanatick-Brazeel*!
Remember *Batt's* Axiom, your *Curla's* pre- (pare!
Whet Stomachs, and Knives! Here's a *Bill of* (*the Fare*;

Here's

Here's *Duck* upon *Duck*, for no more you
(must look;
If you'll have any more you must go to the Cook,
I tell you the Truth, and I tell you no lye!
They shine and 'twere *Butter*, or Stars in the
(Sky:
Zich glorry-vatt Ducks but zildom are zean,
Whore shou'd they be bore but about Taunton-
(Dean.
If they stink Mrs. *Muse* your nice Nose you
(may hold!
Disparage 'em not for they're *bought*, and
(they're *sold*;
Consider as cheap of the *Poulter* they had
('em,
As e're of the *Higler* —— (the Servant!) *&c.*
Here *Dick*, Black-*Bess* for thy absence should
(frown,
Look over thy Shoulder, and 'tweak off
(their Down:
But prythee deal *gently*, for 'twould be no
(Wonder,
They're so soft, and so young, if they *fall all-*
(*asunder.*
'Tis true I confess, if my *Nostrils* can tell,
They send out a kind of a *Civity* smell:
Yet more then a *Bustard* the Poulter might
(prize one
Like them, for their flavour like *pasty Veni-*
(*son*,
Some

Some will say they've a whiff like a Worm-
(eaten Bitch,
[g] Or a *Tartar Ragoo*, ready dresst in a Ditch:
[h] Or a cleanly *blue-Pig*— but ne're *keck* honest
(fellow!
For they're *wholesome* enow, tho' a little too
(*mellow*.
[i] They're *black*, but where *Indians* do paint
(the De'el White,
That colour be sure's most *heavenly* sight:
[k] They dropt from the *Moon* out of Breath,
(and the Thumps
Which they took on the *Ground* have disco-
(lour'd their *Rumps*.
[l] *Cozen John*! 't had been better if y' had not
(been so fickle,
But in our *Garden-Cellar* had laid 'em in pickle:
Tho' the Cook says they're sweet, I'll ven-
(ture engage her,
That the *Ducks* should ha' stunk with the
(*T*——'s for a Wager.
Pothecary's *Bills* have full often half broke us,
[m] With chargeable Vomits of *Carduus and Cro-*
(*cus*:
When these Ducks from the *Bum-gut* to *Keck-*
(*horn* would draw,
And like a Turn'd—*Pudding-bag* empty the
(*Maw*;
O *Spirits* of Arm-pits, and *Essence* of Toes!
O *Hogo* of *Ulcers*, and *Hospital* Nose!

O De-

O Devils Dung fragant, and tarrifi'd feather,
With Snuff, and with Carrion, *Ana*, jumbled (together!
O Jelly of Toads! *India's* hasty-Pudding!
O Playsters of *Issues* champt down o' the sud- (den!
With fat blubby *Pease*, that are grimy all (o're,
Thick *butter'd* with delicate *matter* and *Gore*!
Well! If these you survive, I'll believe 'tis (no Fable,
That *Indians* gut Adders, and bring 'em to (Table.
But after, if your Pest'lent Breath sally on us,
Wee'll get to the Windward, or *Mercy upon us!*
Hoyst 'em up with a *Rope* at the Fire! 'tis (no matter,
Tho' they *drop* in the dripping, and *crawl* in (the Platter;
So do's the sweet *Phenix* on Frankincense- (Faggot,
Sit roasting her self till she turn to a *Mag-* (got.

NOTES.

[On a Supper of Stinking Ducks.]

The story thus—At a Clubb of Younkers, *after a Frost a couple of Wild-Ducks were bought. A thaw*

shaw coming the day after, these having before been frozen hard, fell in, appear'd all black, and stunk most harmoniously—yet, that nothing good might be wasted, the Purchasers dres's't'em, and eat the first pretty nimbly, not staying to taste it; but by that time, Colon being a little pacifi'd, advancing to the second, it drove 'em all off, and was given a decent burial at last in the Boghouse.

[First of all *Merry Mac* come taste our good (cheer!]

The name of one Gentleman belonging to the Club, old excellent at Lyric *verse, which you may learn from the next line.*

[Remember *Bat's* Axiom, *&c.*]

In the ingenious Dr. Bat *upon* Bat—*'tis thus*—

"It is a Law that holds with *Saint*, and *Sinner*,
"That he that has no Knife should have no (*Dinner.*

[Whore shou'd they be bore but about (*Taunton-Dean.*]

The Ducks were caught in a decoy-pond in Sommerset-shire, *and that Country having, 'tis probable their Bellys, or Noses full of 'em, were transported to* London *for Sale.*

[Consider as cheap of the *Poulter* they had ('em,
As e're of the *Higler*—(the Servant,) *&c.*]

Here is certainly some mistake in the Copy, and something or other is wanting to Rhyme to [Had 'em] *which the Reader is desired, (if he can) to correct with his Pen.*

[Look

[Look over thy Shoulder, and tweak off (their Down.]

For had he looke foreright his Nose had been so egregiously affronted there could be no enduring it.

[A *Tartar Ragoo*, ready dress't in a Ditch.]

A Dead Horse, on which, after 't has been airing in a Ditch for a Fortnight, or a Month, the Tartars *will revel, as if 't were the fattest old Barren Doe in* Christendom.

[Or a cleanly *Blew-Pig.*]

For satisfaction in that Story consult the Poem *concerning it!*

[They're *black*, but where *Negro's* do paint (the De'el White.]

A humour of theirs notorious, of whom the Poet—

"Who, in contempt, will paint the Devil (White:

Tho' by his leave and mine too, whatever they think of White Devils, or White Men, 'tis certain they are old Dogs at White-Women, who, for some certain Reasons, (such as made Apuleius *gracious) best known to themselves, are not behind hand in Loving them, perhaps because their Complexions differ.*

[They dropt from the *Moon* out of Breath.]

'Tis the opinion of some Learned men, (too great and grave to be affronted with seeing their Names here) That Wild-fowl, Storks, Woodcocks, *&c. fly away at the Winters end to the Moon, or some* Islands *in the Air near it; and thence*

thence at Winter return again. Who knows what may be?

[Cozen John, 't had been better, &c.——Garden-Cellar had laid 'em in pickle.]

One of the Company, sometimes known by that Name, was at first for giving 'em their Nunc dimittis into Boghouse.

[With chargeable Vomits of *Carduus*, and *Crocus*.]

I thought I should catch you napping, cryes Mr. Critick, (or he may if he will) how long has Carduus-posset been so wonderful chargable? Ans. 1. If not chargeable Simpliciter, 'tis Secundum quid——There's a Potbecary's large bill, and Paracelsian Conscience in the Case. Is that Insufficient——why have at another of 'em——'Tis true in sensu composito, tho' not diviso, as the learned have it——thus tho' one alone be n't dear, both together may. If neither of all this pother will satisfie, why I can easily stop your Mouth with Bays's answer, which if thought on sooner might have saved all this.

"Why 'tis Sir——because Sir——why what's that "to you Sir? Rehearsal.

[O Jelly of Toads! *Indin's* hasty-pudding.]

'Tis their custom to get a great Jar, and among other Ingredients, as Wine, Chamber-pots, Tobacco, Spittle, they clap in three or four good sizeable Toads——this stopt up till all is dissolv'd, is their very Nectar, with which they'l be as drunk as

as a Prince—a Beggar—a Tinker—a Wheel-barrow, or Davids *Sow.* —— *'Tis no Fable, but credibly related by moſt that write of 'em—as* Baratti's *Travels,* Gages *Travels,* &c.

[That *Indians* gut Adders, and bring 'em to Table.]

Snakes are a Princely Diſh in thoſe Countreys.

[Hoiſt 'em up with a *Rope* at the Fire!]

They were roaſted in a String.

[Sit Roaſting her ſelf till ſhe turn to a *Maggot.*]

In the Fable of the Phœnix, *'tis reported, that after the old one is burnt, a Worm firſt comes out of its Aſhes, and ſo—and ſo—and ſo.*

To the Laud and Praiſe *of a* Shock Bitch.

LEt lofty *Greek* and *Latin* go,
And *Priſcian* crackt from *top to Toe,*
Since he at *School* full often ſo
Miſus'd us;
From *High and mighty Lines* I fall,
At powerful *Shock*'s imperious Call,
And now in downright *Doggrel* crawl
My Muſe does.

Tho'

Tho' my *froze Hogs-head* e'ne is burſt,
I'le do what none before e're durſt,
And on her Praiſes make the firſt
Adventure;
O for ſome *Album-Gracum* now!
'Twould clear my muſty *pipes* I trow;
Then would I yelp as loud as thou,
Old Stentor!
Come hither *Shock*; I'll ne'r complain,
Nor kick thee from my *Lap* again,
Tho' other Lips thy Mouth ſo dain-
-ty touches;
Give me one Buſs, I'le prize thee more
Than *rinſi'd* Lord does *brazen* Whore;
Or then——or then——or then——or then
No-body.
Let *lowſie Poets* ſit and chat
Of *Money*, and they know *not what*!
Of *Love*, and *Honour*, and all that
So ſilly!
Let *Play-houſe-Hero's* live or dy,
Or ſpew, or ſtink, or ſwear, or lye,
To court the *Glance* of one bright Eye
From *Philly*!
Let the entranced *loving Aſs*
A Picture wooe, and buſs the Glaſs,
Covering his Miſtreſſes ſurpaſ-
-ſing Beauty!

'on I

Then steal from *Cowley*, or from *Don*,
(Since none will miss 'em when they're gon)
Two hundred thousand Stanza's on
Her Shoo-ty!
All other Fairs avaunt, avaunt,
For *Shock*'s sweet praise my *Muse* must *chaunt*,
And sweat, (ah, won'd she wou'd!) in Rant
Extatic.
'Tis *Shock* alone is my desire,
She does my addled pate inspire,
As much as any *Muse*, with Fire
Poetic.
View every *Limb* in every part,
From *Head* to *Tail*, from *Rump* to *Heart*,
You'll find she not one *Pin* from Art
Has gotten;
When Courtly *Dames* so gawdy, tho'
They dress their mouths in *pimlico*,
A *Dog won't touch 'em*, they are so
Ripe-rotten.
Muse, what d'ye mean? what Flesh can stay,
And dive in *Helicon* to day,
Or swim in any Streams but *Aqua-vitæ*?
Put up your Pipes, to dinner go,
Whilest I dismiss the *Guests* below:
You're welcome Gentlemen! and so,
Good-buy-t'y'e!

NOTES.

[a] [Let lofty *Greek* and *Latine* go.]

And here let me tell ye, 'tis a fair occasion to give you to understand the Author has a smatch of Latin *Verses too*——*for some were made before these* English *on the same Subject: But for fear of clapping in a false Concord or Position, if so, (the very thoughts whereof will be dreadful, as long as I can unbutton my Breeches) I think e'nt best as 'tis.*

[b] [Tho' my *froze Hogs-head* en[c]e is burst]

See the Academy de'l Cimento, *and others, about the Nature of freezing, which rarifies and dilates, not condenses or lessens the Watte. Thus a Vessel stopt close, with no vent, when frozen, if precisely full, will burst out the Hoops for Enlargement.*

——*'Twas in the middle of the great frost these were wrote.*

[c] [Then would I yelp as loud as thou,
Old Stentor!]

Stentor *was a kind of a City Cryer in Homer,*——*A speaking Trumpet was but a Bagpipe to him, (for all by their Names they should be Cousins) he would lift up his voice just as loud as fifty men, not one more, nor one less.*

[d] [Tw

[Two hundred thousand Stanza's on Her Shoe-ty.]

Just so many in Quevedo's *Buffoon, the Poet makes on a Pin drop from his Mistress's Sleeve——I think sincerely a greater* Maggot *than all mine put together.*

[And sweat, (ah wou'd she wou'd) in rant Extatic.]

Once more, lest you should forget it, 'twas very cold weather when this was on the Anvile.

An ELEGY

On the untimely and much lamented Death of Poor Spot, *as loving a* Bitch *as ever went upon two* Legs, *who departed this Life, An.* 1684.

O *Spot!* how dull a *Dog* am I,
That cannot for thy Murder cry,
Nor *whimper?*
Tho' thou full oft on thankless me,
Now from the ground, now from my knee
Didst *simper.*
Now e're, accept this grateful *Verse,*
To pin on thy untimely *Herse*
Provided.

Even ſo Renowned *Bar* of old,
A poor good-natur'd Hound condol'd,
As I did.
Tell me, O tell me, you that know,
How *Spot* the *higher Powers* ſo
Offended?
What was the pretty *Traytor*'s Crime,
That her fair Dayes in Beauty's *prime*
Were ended?
She, ever vigilant and brisk,
Her nimble *Tail* around would whisk,
Like *Fan.* S^r.
With *Umph* ſhe never went away,
But, by her *mumping mean'd* to ſay
Anan S^r.
She was not ugly, rank, nor old;
Tho' ſhe ne'r ſung, ſhe was no *Scold*
Uncivil:
Sweet-Hearts ſhe had, Him, Him, and Him,
O *Envy! Envy!* O thou Limb
O th' *Devil!*
With *Mouth* and *Tayl*, come when you will
She *ſmil'd*, and would endeavour ſtill
To pleaſe ye;
Altho' 'tis true, ſhe was not *Fair*,
Her *Cheeks* ne'r *ſhin'd*, her *Muzzle* ne're
Was *greaſie.*
One fault alone in her we find;
Were ſhe not pleas'd, ſhe muſt be kind
To Neighbours;

Whi

Which brought poor *Tray* to a ſad paſs,
When he, to pleaſe the Love-ſick *Laſs*;
O're-labours.
Well, gone ſhe is, and who can help't?
Ah! gone ſhe is before ſhe *whelpt*;
Ah cruel!
Let none at too juſt *Sorrows* ſcoff,
Now *croſs-grain'd* Fate has robb'd us of
Our *Jewel!*
But ſince poor *Spot* muſt go and buſs
For our brisk *Lord*, old *Cerberus*
So muſty;
Come Lads, let's bid her all adieu,
And own ne're dy'd a Bitch more true,
And truſty!
Go *Spot*, to the *Elyſian* Plain,
Go *Spot*, and meet thy *Tray* again
Far kinder!
What tho' *Erynnis* on thee ſcowl,
And make her Snakes about thee howl?
Ne're mind her.
There *Spot*, be ever brisk and gay;
There thou, without the *Bans* forbid, thy *Tray*
May'ſt marry;
In Fields gilt o're with many a Flower,
In Walks as fine as thoſe of our
King *Harry*.

NOTES.

[a] (Even so renowned *Bat* of old,)
Bat Kempster *of eternal memory*, —— *who has in like manner* —— (*as* Sternhold *says*) *immortaliz'd the memory of Captain* Narbourn's *Dog, which now must live as long as* Bat *in spight of Envy.*

[b] (A poor *good-natur'd* Hound condol'd.)
Good-natur'd, because, —— *because,* —— *'Tis but looking in the Book, and you'll know all better than I can tell you.*

[c] (Which brought poor *Tray* to a sad pass,
When he to please the Love-sick *Lass*,
O'erlabours.)
Tray *was one of* Madam Spot's *most obsequious and most humble Servants, but by being too complaisant and obliging, had almost kill'd himself. This is no Tale, but a sad Truth,* —— *Ask all the Neighbours else.*

[d] (For our brisk *Lord*, old *Cerberus.*)
My Lord *was* Tray's *Successor: Of him see more, and* Spot *too, in the* (Carmen Cynegeticon.)

A Box made like an Egg, was between Jeſt and Earneſt, between Stoln and Borrow'd; but at laſt, (ſee the Honeſty!) after a Year's Poſſeſſion, reſtor'd with this in the Belly on't.

AS an *Egg* is *Full of Meat*,
So, in ſooth, am I of *Sorrow*,
That your *Box* ſo fine, ſo neat,
I without your leave ſhould borrow.
Now I ſigh, and now I groan,
O're and o're the Crime repented;
Moan and ſob, and ſob and Moan,
To my very *Gutts* tormented.
How did I in *Doggrel* Rhymes,
Mind my fault, and wail and grieve it?
Should I tell you *twenty times*,
Ne're the ſooner you'd believe it.
But ſince your *Box* has, *fie upon't!*
Brought me to ſo much Confuſion;

To the lawful *Owner* on't
Thus I make a *Reſtitution*.
Down to *Dinner* now they call,
Gizzard now begins to grumble;
Pray my *Service* unto all,
So I reſt,

Your Servant Humble,
&c.

The Beggar *and* Poet.

HAppy *the Man* who free from Care and (Strife,
With Dog and Bell gropes thro' the *Road* (of Life!
Beggar *at large*, without a Fear, or Shame,
He'll all the World his *Benefactors* name.
He, like the famous ancient *Scythian* Race,
Shifts not *himſelf* as often as his *place*.
Tir'd with the *pillage* of *one* fruitful Plain,
He and his *Cattle* ſoon decamp again:
He with a proud Repulſe when warmly vext,
Throws you a hearty *Curſe*, and tries the (next.
No long *Harangues* to ſqueeze the ſtub- (born *Peace*,
No Oratorical Impertinence,
Nor grateful *murd'ring* both of Truth (and Senſe.

He'll

He'll in two Lines compendiously impart
The *System* of his truly *Liberal Art*;
Pray Sir, the Gift: And when the
(Farthings stir,
I hope you'll never live to want it
(**Sir!**
When *Beadle Death* does him at last attend,
Let him go where he will, in this he's sure
(to *wend*:
Death kindly *Land* and *House* provides him,
(more
Besides the *Cage*, than e're he had before.
Thrice miserable they whom want and
(Fate
Eternal *Mumpers* made at Learning's Gate:
Their *Souls* indeed they *cram* with *notions high*,
But let poor *Colon* live by Sympathy:
To Honourable Beggars they give place,
Lean *younger Brothers* of the *lowsie* Race.

NOTES.

1 (The *Beggar*, and *Poet*.)

I confess I can't very well get clear of a Tautology in this place: But for the defence of my Title; *tho' many will tell me 'tis some kin to* Idem per Idem, *and that* Beggar *and* Poet *are the stark-self-same-specifical-numerical thing: Let 'em consider 'em as I do,* (sub diversos formales

males conceptus) *as the Learned have it:*
and then all's well again.

(He, like the famous ancient Scythian race,
Shifts not himself as often as his Place.)

The manner of living practised by the old Nomades, *and the* Tartars, *their now Successors, is much alike, if not the same: In elder times they used to remove* Bag *and* Baggage *from Post to Pillar, as often as the Pasture was eaten by their Retinue. Some of the Fathers that have travelled into* Tartary *of late Years to make one Proselite, give just the same description of their Manners.--See* Hackluit's *Voyages.*

Plures aluit Aristoteles *quam* Alexander.

THe *Great Grecian* Robber of his House-
(hold was careless,
Compar'd to his bountiful Tutor old *Arles*,
Whose Barns, 'tis no wonder, grow fatter
(and faster
Than his, since their Diet was Mast *for his*
(Master.

An

'An hungry scarv'd Army o're Desarts and
(Stones,
This lead till he *fought* 'em to nothing but
(*Bones.*
But far *more* are the Slaves whom his Tutor
(does fetter;
And you'll see by and by how he *feeds* 'em
(far better.
Like *Tantalus*, *One* his poor Souldiers did
(mock,
And fed 'em with nothing but a *Bit and a*
(*Knock*:
Sure they *leapt at a Crust*, since to frighten
(poor Strangers,
'He built up their *Cupboards* as high as their
(*Mangers.*
Tho' 'tis true, they as well as their *Captain*
(did fare;
He forsooth was a *God*, and could live upon
(*Air!*
When his *Army*'s all *mortal*, and poor hun-
(gry Sinners,
Must *eat up* their Foes if they'll get any Din-
(ners.
A hunting *lean* Glory thro' the World he
(does roam,
While the subtle *Phylosopher batters* at home;
'Nor had all his *Souldiers*, tho' they scap'd
(from the *Faggot*,
One

One Mouthful of Flesh to oblige a poor Mag-
(got.
But Learning, tho' Envy unjustly does charge
(her,
Crams all her *coops* Houshold, tho' a thousand
(times larger:
He could not afford all his Army one *Sutler*,
She makes the fat *Stagyrite* both her Cook,
(and her Butler.
See what a large Drove, which his Power
(confesses,
Humbly gape at his Hatch for *Commons* and
(*Messes*.
He kindly provides *gaudy-dayes* all the year,
And this is a Bill of their prodigal Chear.

'A *Scholar's* light *Egg* pickt as clean as a *bone*,
'Or a worse than a Scholar's, a *Logical one*:
Chymerical *Pullets*, digested too soon,
'Dress'd at his *own Fire* by the *Man in the*
(*Moon*.
Such Dishes as these, 'tis confess'd, are de-
(sign'd
For Stomachs *obstructed*, and Palates *refin'd*.
For your poor *duller* Mortal other *Provenders*
(found,
And *Coquus*, if he's able, will please 'em all
(round.

Broath

Breath which for meer *Element* one may mis-
(take,
'Tis smaller than *Tiff*, and as lean as a *Rake*;
So pure, and so clear, that 'twould *Christal*
(disgrace,
If you heave't to your Nose, you may see all
(your Face.
When at last the whole *Hogs-head* of *Porridge*
(is o're,
And *Colon* still swears and grumbles for more,
Sometimes you've a Commons, and some-
(times you've none,
The fat greasie *Flap*, of the *Prentice's bone*.
When they've *serv'd out their time*, and at
(last are got free,
Their *Table* advances, as does their Degree:
There's Pudding, and Pudding, and Pudding,
(and then
Like *Æsop's Tongues*, Pudding, and Pud-
(ding agen.
Let no man then envy the Schollar's renown,
Since fewer are fed by the Sword, than the
(Gown;
Since still more *they're the merrier*, as ever
(they were,
Tho' the less there be of 'em, the better
(they fare.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Plures aluit *Aristoteles* quam *Alexander*. *In plain, sober, earnest English*, [Aristotle *feeds more than* Alexander.] *Which is no be prov'd*.

[a] (The great *Grecian* Robber, *&c.*)

So call'd from the Story of the Pyrate, who being taken by Alexander's *Captains, and brought and accused before him, answered undauntedly, that* Alexander *was the greater Thief of the two, who robb'd with whole Armies, when he himself only with two little Ships.*

[b] (An hunger-starv'd Army o're Desarts and This lead, *&c.*) (Stones,

See Quintus Curtius's *History*. *He lead 'em over vast Desarts to the Conquest of the* Indys.

[c] [He built up their *Cupboards* as high as their *Mangers*.]

When Alexander *had conquer'd the* Indys, *at his departure he built* Mangers *for his Horses as high as a man could reach, and other things proportionable, to amuse posterity, and make 'em conceive a nobler Image of him and his Army: tho', as one says wittily, if his horses had eat no Oates but out of those* Mangers, *they would*

not

not have been very fit for Service; for such feeding would soon have starv'd even Bucephalus himself.

[Nor had all his Souldiers, tho' they (scap'd from the *Faggot*,]

The Funeral-pile; it being the Custom of the Ancients to burn, not bury their Dead.

[A Schollar's light Egg pickt as clean as (a bone,]

Or a worse than a Schollar's, a *Logical one.*]

Either the Egg made with the Scrapings of the Egg-shell, Bread and Butter, &c. or that appointed to the Schollar, who proving two Eggs were three; ——*One and one's two, and one and two's three,* ——*had only the third allotted him for his share.*

[Dreſt at his own Fire by the *Man in the* (*Moon.*]

Ariſtotle's own Fire, (*which since he found, he'll like to keep*) *dreamt of in* Concavo Lunæ.

[Like *Æſop's Tongues*, Pudding and Pud- (ding again.]

Æſop feaſted his Maſter with nothing but Tongues, when order'd to buy the beſt and the moſt of Meats.

(a) *A King turn'd* Thresher.

FArewell ye gay Bubbles, Fame, Glory, (Renown!
Farewell you bright *Thorns* that are pinn'd (to a Crown,
Your little Enchantments no more shall pre- (vail;
Look, look where my *Sceptre* is turn'd to a (*Flail!*
O who can the Bliss of a Monarch discern,
Whose Subjects are *Mice*, and whose Palace (a *Barn!*
In spight of curs'd Fortune he *Kings* it be- (low,
While he looks all around him, and sees not (a Foe.
The groans of the *murder'd* in Death and (Despair,
Ne'r reach his calm *Kingdom*, but dye in the (Air:
Fierce *Battles* roar on; but too weak is the (voice,
For he *threshes* and *threshes*, and drowns all (the Noise.

[b] The

The Soul of *Domitian* sunk into a Clod,
Dyonisius his Scepter was as *light* as his Rod;
And the *Little-Great-Charles* with his Sho-
(vel and Spade,
Dug a hole, and lay down in the Grave he
(had made.
But a thousand times brighter my Stars do
(appear,
And I ne'r was a *Monarch in earnest* till here:
On a heap of fresh Straw I can laugh and lye
(down,
And pity the man that's *condemn'd* to a *Crown*.

No Armyes of *Frogs* here croak by my *Throne*,
I can rise, I can walk, I can eat all alone:
Reliev'd from the Siege of importunate men,
I enjoy my Original Freedom agen.

Scarce peeps out the Sun with a blushing
(young Ray,
E're my brisk feather'd Bell-man will tell
(me 'tis day;
Proud with his *Seraglio* behind and before,
He cheerly triumphing, struts along by the
(Door.
Here's an honest brown *George* which my
(Scrip does adorn,
Here's a true *Houshold Loaf* of the hiew o' my
(Corn;

Here's

Here's a good *Rammel-Cheese*, but a little (decay'd,
As fat as the *Cream* out of which it was made.
When Death shall cross Proverbs, and (strike at my Heart,
When the best of my *Flails is no fence for* (*his Dart*;
I'le open my Arms, not a Groan, not a Sigh,
Drop't soft on the *Straw*, with a smile I will (dye.

NOTES.

(a) *A King turning* Thresher.

I think I may venture to pronounce this purely a Maggot, *and so others that know no better may be apt to think too; but I can assure 'em the Foundation of the Story is as infallibly true, as any in* —Lucian's *true History.*

[The Soul of *Domitian* sunk into a Clod.]

When his Envy could not be sated on the Christians, he left the Empire in Discontent, and retired to the Salonian Gardens, —as Cowley.

[*Dyonisius* his *Scepter* was as *light* as his *Rod.*]

That Tyrant driven from his Kingdom, travelled into Greece, *and set up School-Master*;

Where

where his Cares are here affirm'd as heavy as when a King.

[And the *Little-Great-Charles* with his Shovel and Spade,
Dug a hole, and lay down in the Grave he had made.]

Charles *the fifth Emperour of* Germany, *who after as great a Ruffle in the World as has been made this several Centuries; after War, not only against most of* Europe, *but* Argiers *in* Africa *too; at last on some discontent, or the unpleasing face of his Subjects, resigned the Empire, and retired to a little House and Garden, which he cultivated with his own hand, and there liv'd and dy'd.*

[E're my brisk feather'd Bell-man will tell me 'tis day
Meaning Chaunticleer, ---*as Grandfire* Chaucer *has it; or in new* English, *no better nor worse than a* Cock, ---*that* Baron Tell-Clock of the Night, ---*as* Cleveland *christens him.*

[When Death shall cross Proverbs, and strike at my Heart,
When the best of my *Flails is no fence for his Dart.*]

The common old Proverb here meant, is, that
---There's no Fence against a Flail.

On a Discourteous Damsel that call'd the Right Worshipful Author—(an't please ye!) **Sawcy Puppy.**

A PANEGYRIC.

UGly! ill natur'd! impudent, and proud!
Sluttish! nonsensical! and idly loud!
Thy Name's a ranker *Scandal* to my Pen,
Than all thy words could be *spew'd* up agen.
Yet will I do thy *Ugliness* the grace,
To touch thee, tho' I'm forc'd to turn my (face;
Touch thee as Surgeon touches rotten sores,
Touch thee as Nurses *T--*, or Beadles *Whores*.
Belch of a Toad whom Hell to Mortals (sends,
[a]Vampt up from *Bottle-Ale* and Candles-ends.
Hadst thou no *Dick* with whom thou mightst (be free,
Thus to let fly thy *Whetstone-jeers* on me?
What Skip-kennel without his eyes offence,
Taught thee all this *Dog-and-bitch* Eloquence?
[b] Thou for *Doll-Troop*, hadst ended *Ragoo's* (strife,
He'd *hung'd*, and never ventur'd such a *Wife*.

That

That thick deformity which daubs thy *Snows*
Would make a Hell-soul'd Raviſher devout.
An *Incubus* from ſuch a Face would flee;
Twould baulk a *Satyr* more deform'd than thee.
E'ne get a *Mask*, or with thy Viſage daunted,
The *Londoners* will ſwear their Streets are haunted:
Below the Plague, below the Pox and Itch,
Take your own Farewell, **You're a ſaw-cy Bitch.**

NOTES.

* [Vampt up from *Bottle-Ale* and Candles Ends.]
Not much more honourable than the Rehearſal's Parthenope.——
——*Whoſe Mother, Sir, ſells Ale by the Town-Walls.*

† [Thou for *Doll-Troop* hadſt ended *Ragoo's* ſtrife,
He'd hang'd, and never ventur'd ſuch a *Wife.*]
Monſieur Ragoo, *an Officer in a Troop of Horſe, having taken occaſion to ſtep aſide a plundering, was to be hang'd a little: But however the*

the chance turn'd, he had choice given him, either to take a vertuous Lady call'd Doll Troop, *to be his Wedded Wife, or else to* Suckle up; *after deep consideration upon the case, and weighing the Circumstances,* &c. *he resolv'd to cast Lots; the Lay was so even, to decide what himself could not do, and so got the worse end of the staff, without Redemption to be all-to-be-marry'd.*

On a CHEESE.

Pinguis & ingratæ permeretur Caseus Urbi. *Virg.*

A Pastoral.

Amoret and *Strephon* lay
On a Couch of downy Hay,
In the *wither'd Age* of Day:
Blest that one the other sees,
Blest with a spicy *western* Breeze,
Blest with a noble *Rammel Cheese.*
Each at t'other darts their Eye;
Each at the *glittering Treasure* by.
A sight that *Strephon*'s passion moves;
Scarce *Amoret* he better loves:
To *Amoretta*'s Heart so near,
Strephon's self was scarce more dear:

Scarce

Scarce the Bride o'th' blooming Vale,
Woven around her *May-day Pail*;
Nor could either prove ungrate
For such a Gift to smiling Fate:
Oft with *Vows* and *Flowers* they fan
To smiling Fate, and smiling *Pan*;
Thus they pray, and thus they sing,
While all the answering *Valleys* ring.

Strephon.

Sprinkle all the dappled *Mead!*
Round the *Turfy Altars* lead!
Every *Nymph* and *Fawn* invite
To laugh and revel here at Night!
Jolly Toasts shall never fail,
Quite *drunk* with nappy nut-brown Ale:
Here's a *Cheese* would make a Feast
Where a *King* might be a Guest.

Amanetta.

Stay my *Strephon!* 'tis in vain;
Too low and humble is your strain:
You the Gift must higher raise,
Or you'll *Satyr* while you praise.
Let stiff Princes dream alone
On their steep unenvy'd Throne!
Our brighter *Cheese* out-shines their *Crown*,
And weighs the gilded Bauble down:
We'll a nobler *Note* begin;
Call and rouze the *God* within!

Sing

Sing the *Cheese*, and by his Aid,
Whence it came, and how 'twas made.

Stephon.

Each Flower that e're in Garland grew,
Amoretta, move for you,
And every Herb that sipps the Dew;
Each their distant Influence joyn
To an Invention so Divine:
The *Daisy*'s pretty twinkling Eye,
The Infant *Violet* blooming by;
Primrose of refreshing smell,
And the *Cowslip*'s spotted Bell
Fragrant *Tyme*, and new-born *Grass*,
Where no rude Feet did ever pass;
All their Essences combine
To an Invention so Divine:
Each of these transfus'd, agrees
First in *Milk*, and then in *Cheese*;
In the *Cow*'s *Alembyc* wrought,
Whence, when to perfection brought,
Amoretta's whiter hand
Springs of *Nectar* can command;
Cataracts which oft prevail
To overflow the largest *Pail*:
And when the laughing Virgins come
With their new-found Treasure home,
Amoretta shall declare
How the Miracle they rear.

Ami

Amoretta.

Soft as *Wooll*, and white as Lambs
Lickt by their Officious Dams;
White as those fair *Lillies* grow
In our *Copps*,——as white as Snow,
Next the Creamy Curds arise,
And with calm *Glories* greet the Eyes:
He that sees 'em dawning, sees
The Image of an *Embryo Cheese*.
So from Clay *Prometheus* can
Mould the mighty Form of Man:
So the rising Vision shows,
As when the World from *Chaos* rose.
Then 'tis bruis'd, and prest till all
The pale Tears around it fall.
Thus when *Jove* intends to mould
A *Hero* out of purer Gold,
Hee'll shut him up in pain and Care,
And like *Alcides*, pinch him there;
Till he by kind Afflictions trod,
Emerges, more than *Half-a-God*.

Strephon.

Thence in happy Triumph born,
Like groaning Loads of Welcome Corn,
On a cleanly shelf 'tis plac'd,
With so rich a Burden grac'd;
Or, lest the *Foes* its Walls attacque,
On a well-munited *Rack*.

* Like *Atlante*'s Palace fair,
Towring high in yielding Air,
By *Ariosto* built aloft,
All the Walls of costly **Thought**,
Or that sturdy *Indian* Rock
* Which *Ammon*'s Son so long did mock;
There it reigns, and there defies
Feeble Hosts of *Rats* and *Mice*:
Up they squint, but all in vain,
Up they leap with fruitless pain,
Down they drop, a-down again.
Reynard so with longing Eyne
Views the Cluster'd loaden *Vine*;
So when the *Wolf* a Fold has found,
Fenc't with Quick-set--Turn-pikes round,
About he stalks, and grinns, and scowls,
About he stalks, and vainly howls.

Amoretta.

* So the *Titans* hizzing fell,
When of old they dar'd rebell:
Olympus they on *Ossa* pack,
Both on *Pelions* craggy back;
And, against the *Thunder* hurl'd
Half his *own* dismantled World:
* On the calm Couch of golden peace,
In undisturb'd eternal ease;
He scorns their Plots, and laughs above;
So sits my *Cheese*, and so sits *Jove*.

Sere

Strephon.

This dear day the happy birth
Of *Amoretta* bless't the Earth;
All the Lads of Mirth and Song,
O're the Plains shall Dance along:
And he that best can sing each Grace,
In my *Amoretta's* face,
Shall have the present *Jove* has given,
Shall have the *Ancile* dropt from Heaven.
This prais'd, this lov'd, this envy'd *Cheese*,
For a Reward shall all be *his*.

NOTES.

[Bless't with a noble *Rammel* Cheese.] (*Rammel*) *is a word, I think not much used* [illegible]*ut* London, *but common in the* West, *op-* [illegible]*'d to Skim-Cheese. Thus you find it pretty* [illegible]*ed in Mr.* Creeches Theocritus.

[Springs of *Nectar* can command.]
Hony soit qui mal y pense.

[So from Clay *Prometheus* can,
Mould the beauteous form of Man.] Prometheus, *being 'tis likely used to build Ca-* [illegible]*, and Dirt-pyes in his Youth, when he came* [illegible]*, set up the Trade of a Man-founder, for* [illegible] Jove *was so nangry (as well he might,* [illegible]*ther took his work out of his hands, with-*

out ever serving his time to the Trade) that, what do me he but trusses him up, rivets him on Mount Caucasus, *and sent an unconscionable Vulture to tear out the Heart of him.*

See more in Tobacco-pipe. Read the story in Lucians *Dialogues,* Book 1. *p.* 48.

[d] [Like *Atlante*'s Pallace fair.]

A gawdy Magical Pallace in Orlando Furioso, *which cost Poet and Painter, and at least Engraver, a great many fine strokes to express it. The* Louvre, *or* Escurial *are but Hog-styes to't, as any body may be satisfi'd that will but take the pains to compare 'em.*

[e] [Or that sturdy *Indian* Rock,
Which *Ammons* Son so long did mock.]

A Fortress long besieg'd by Alexander, *in* Sagitiana, *I think 'twas, but 'tis good to be sure, and therefore ask* Quintius Curtius, *who knows better than any of us!*

[f] [So the *Titans* hizzing fell.]

Qu. *Pray Mr.* Author *why is your Shepherdess so learned here, and in other places? how comes she to talk against* decorum, in Pastorals, *and to fly upon the [illegible] at this rate?*

[Answ. [illegible] *hence are designed to be alike [illegible] this serve once for all, for I'll trouble my [illegible] no more about it.*

[g] [On the calm Couch of Golden peace.]

Any one may discern this is a stroke of Lucretius, *alluding to that first Principle of the* Epicu-

rean

reans, *so well expres'd by that Poet, and so much better made English by Mr.* Creech —— *thus.*

"For what so ere's divine must live in peace,
"In undisturb'd, and everlasting ease, *&c.*

I have forgot the rest, but you shall have it all as soon as I can get it my self.

[Shall have the *Ancile* dropt from Heav'n.]

The Ancile *was a certain very holy Relique among the* Romans, *being the very handy-work of* Jupiter *himself: but least this precious busi-ness should be stole from the Temple, while Gods and Men were asleep, two more were made exactly like the right, and one another, that a Thief must have very good luck to be able to distinguish the original from the counterfeit. In the safe keeping it, they believ'd the Citys safety consisted.*

A Full and True Account of a Jour-ney *with its Appurtenances.*

NOw Heav'ns jolly *Carman* left weeping (and whining,
Rubb'd up Sunday face, and fell *fairly* a (shining;

The Cits are *alive*, and to —— they run, (Sun.
As Flyes from a Cow-turd will swarm in the
Spouse *Rampant* takes Arms, *Coucht* Cuckold
(she tells,
He must get her a place to go visit the Wells
Not a Pothecaryes Wife that is leaving the
(Town,
But will pawn all her Glyster-pipes for a new
(Gown.
'Tis the Devil that drives, and needs Travel
(they must;
Along comes the Coachman with *Bring out*
(*your Dust*!
So sweet is his Load, and so neat, and so pure,
You'd swear he was under-commission'd i'th
(*Sewer*.
Not a Fop of the *Pit*, or a Jilt o' the *Box*,
[b] But dresses, and crawls to the Wells *with*
(*a Pox*;
So throughly the Waters have purg'd all the
(City,
[c] That they're strangely reform'd, and grown
(civil, and Witty.
Least the *Dunns* my poor Carcass to pieces
(should tare,
I'll ene like my *Betters* take Sanctuary there,
For melting, or getting, or spunging a Penny,
As poor, and as dull, and as sawcy as any.

B

But the walks were bepester'd with Cravat,
(and Fan,
And Beaver, and Wigg, and sometimes a
(Man:
For curing old *Aches*, and getting new *pains*;
For *cooling* and *heating* the *blood* and the *reins*.
Old *Sol* from *Aurora's Alcove* newly peeping,
While more than three Quarters lay grunt-
(ing and sleeping:
When routed Cravat-string, and Ruffles I'd
(rally'd,
From *Doy-hole* of Lodging one Morning I
(sally'd,
I walkt, and I strutted along like the rest,
And I *thought hard of nothing* as well as the
(best;
Till a *Bevey* of *Ladys* swum hastily by,
All finer than sippence, they dazzl'd my Eye.
I follow the Track, and the *Vision* pursue,
Meditation farewel, now the Game is in view.
Tho' I quickly got up they were enter'd be-
(fore,
And cruelly shut the unmerciful Door.
Tho' my *Eyes* kept a Fast, yet my *Ears* I could
(treat,
And yours shall take part while the Tale I
(repeat.

But *Madam*, ſayes one, while they're chatting (together,
If one may be ſo bold, pray *what Wind blew* (*you hither?*
She replyes, with a Sigh drawn up to her (Chin,
'Tis a weakneſs, Obſtructions, and weakneſs (within.
My Husband's as likely a Man as you'll ſee,
A Man every *Inch* of him, take it from me!
Ay and I'll aſſure ye——— *&c.*
Nay! never deſpair, Madam, 'tis not too late:
Your changing of *paſture* may make you grow (*fat*;
I ſpeak by experience, ſtay here but a Little,
And I warn't you return as *round as a Kettle.*
No doubt on't, ſays one, but if ever ſhe will,
She muſt take a good doſe of a Soverain *Pill*,
That cured me — Hold there ſays the next, (I deny't t'ye;
I was helpt by ſome *drops* of *Specimen vitæ.*
They ſtirr'd, and I fled for my Ears, and my (Eyes,
Since a noble *Retreat* with a *Victory* vyes!
I retired in ſpight of my Foes and my Fears,
And bravely brought off both my *Eyes* and (my *Ears.*

Now

Now Reader, by a Figure which *Poets* may use,
Pray suppose it is Evening! — If you wont
you may chuse.
As Lasses and Lads do advance in *Decorum*,
When Crowder at *Christmas* hops squeaking before 'em;
So Tag-Rag, and Bob-tail to dancing do throng,
And th' Flower of ——come flaming along.
Here a Hell-full of *Hogo's* comes driving just on us,
Let's get the *wind side on't*, or Mercy upon us;
A Plague's on the Green, and it newly arose
From—*Some-body's*—powerful Armpits and Toes.
Have a care of the Lad with his *hair in his Hat*,
As you value his anger touch not his *Cravat*!
Pray keep your distance, with Reverence stand,
If you ruffle his Ruffles, his Cane is at hand.
Sirrah *Jack!* rub my Shoes with the *Napkin*, with Care,
Your Master commands you, refuse if you dare:

Unmannerly Winds the sweet Curls to dis-
(place
Of so pretty, so lovely, so charming a Face!
But hang a good Face, that's a womanish toy,
Give me such a Shape as this Lad does enjoy!
But speak not a word as you value your life,
Of his *Burrocks* and *Shoulders*, and the thing
(call'd his *Wife*.
If you love your own *Ribs*, stand further
(good Friends,
Room, Room for a Pudding ty'd up at both
(Ends!
Whose goodly large Belly hints crowding
(before him,
No less than a Lady behind does adore him.
Make much of him, Madam, and use him in
(haste,
Or quickly his Service alas will be past,
For if half an inch further his Paunch does
(but come,
You must e'ne be content with the *deaf and*
(*the dumb*.
Here creeping and cringing to a thing of a
(Fortune,
That weighs fifteen thousand, stands hope-
(ful young *What-d'ye-call-him!*
And e're he does live on the Land, 'tis but
(reason
If he take for Security *Liv'ry* and *Seisin*.

A Knighthood comes next with a finical face,
And a *couple of Arms* which he moves with (that Grace,
That he thinks his deserts will ha' cursed ill (hap,
If some *Lady Fair* don't fall in his hap.
Now the sport is all over, all travel that (can
To the place whence they came, with their (*Whore* and their *Man*;
And I when my *Gains* and Credit were spent
Sneakt home in the Crowd, like a Fool as I (went.

NOTES.

[a] [Now Heaven's jolly *Carman* left weeping (and whining.]

The Journey was at the beginning of Summer, after a great Rain.

[b] [But dresses, and crawls to the Wells with (a *Pox*.]

There's many a true Word spoke in jest.

[c] [They're strangely transform'd, and grown (civil, &c.]

Very good news, if it be'n't too good to be true.

[d] [I was helpt by some *drops* of *Specimen vitæ*.]

The Dispensatory wherein that Cordial is to be found,

found, it,——2d part of the Souldiers Fortune.

[Let's get the *Wind-side* on't, or *mercy upon us!*]

In the Plague time, in London, *people would pack about one another to get to the Wind-ward, lest that should bring the Disease on them by the breath of any infectious.*

[For if half-an-inch further his Paunch does (but come.]

Some persons have been reported of that vast and irregular bigness, that they have been able with one part of their Body to relieve t'other.

The Leather Bottle.

MR. *Jove!* tho' your Chittiface *Ganymed* (skink,
I scorn to exchange or my *Plate*, or my drink;
For without fear or wit the Immortals will (hector,
When out of thy *Bole* they are fuddled with (*Nectar:*
Whatever your *Cronys* the Poets have spoke,
Your Godship, when here, were a notable (Soak;
And

And when from your Gang you were ſpirited
(up,
In the midſt of the Stars you planted your
(Cup.

As a Lady of *Rome*, in a great deal of State,
Produc'd all her *brats* for her *Cupboard of Plate*;
So if for the ſight of my *Treaſures* you call,
Here's my dear *Leather-bottle*, my one and my
(all.

Gigantic *Borrachio*'s Sir *Quixot* did fright,
And maugre poor Squire, made an Aſs of the
(Knight;
Had my Bottle been there, 'twould ha' been
(more compliant,
For he ne're could miſtake ſuch a Dwarf for
(a Gyant.

My Veſſel tho' little, dim Envy may ſee,
Is as neat and as pretty as pretty may be;
When the *Heidleburg* Tun is an ill-contriv'd
(Sloven,
Tho' its Vent-hole's as big as the mouth of an
(Oven.

How cool and how ſweet is the Liquor that's
(here,
It *dribbles down daintily*, lively and clear!
Not *Ice* can preſerve it as well from the wea-
(ther,
Nor *Water*, nor *Sand*, as a *Bottle of Leather*.

Oracu-

Oracnlous *Bottles* inſpir'd of old
Each worm-eaten *Witch* that *Wonderments*
told:
This Engine curſt *Sycorax* her ſelf could
ſubdue,
And this did a Viceroy out of *Trincalo* hew.
When the Sun does with Thirſt the poor
Hay-maker throttle,
And tann all their Faces till they look like
the Bottle,
'Tis this ſets 'em right, 'tis as ſpeedy and
handy
As old *Mother Midnight's* kind *Bottle* of Bran-
dy.
Let others plod on, till they'r crazie and
brain-ſick,
For *malleable* Glaſſes, like the *Conſuls* of
Dantſick:
Let this fall where you will, all its thumps
are in vain,
You may *bulge* it, and *bulge* it, and *out with't*
again.
My Bottle beſides is *old Dog* at Diſpute,
And can *Suarez*, and *Scotus*, and *Occham* con-
fute:
Nay, his own Cozzin *Bellarmin* too muſt go
down,
And if e're he get up, he will *have him by'th'*
Crown.
When

When *Semele* in Lightning and Thunder did fry,
Jove feather'd her *Bastard*, and sheath'd it (in's Thigh:
But no doubt but he thriv'd in that *Climate* (far worse
Than if in a *Bottle* he had put him to *Nurse*.
Some Pigmy *Diogenes* here might retreat,
And make it his spacious and worshipful seat;
One Room of a Floor, for a *Cellar* he might (spare it;
'Tis needless, as well as a *Chamber* or *Garret*.
Like Maggot in Nutshel he might revel with (glee,
And none be so happy, so happy as he:
Nor need he to fear that he there should be (Foxed,
Tho he drank up at once both the *Cellar* (and *Hogs-head*.

NOTES.

[In the midst of the *Stars* you planted your (*Cup*.]
A Constellation call'd the Cup.

[As a Lady of *Rome*——
Produc'd all her Brats for her *Plate*.]
A famous Story.---When one Lady had shown the

the other all her Jewels and fine things, she carries her home, and for her Jewels, shows her her Children.

[Gigantic *Borrachio's Sir Quixot* did fright.]

See the Notes on the Souldiers Duel.

[When the *Heidleburg* Tun, *&c.*]

The great Tun of Heidleburg, *with a Ladder of many rounds to ascend it.*

[It *dribbles down daintily.*]

I have taken care that should be set in other Characters, as a most considerable Flower borrow'd from my good friend John Bunnyan.

[Oraculous *Bottles* inspir'd of old.]

The Spirit of Ob, Webster *and his Followers say, was only a Bottle,* &c.

[This Engine curst *Sycorax* her self could (subdue,
And this did a *Viceroy* out of *Trincalo* hew.]

See the famous History of the Tempest, or the Inchanted Island, *where this is explained.*

For malleable Glasses, like the Consuls of (*Dantsick.*]

'Tis reported an ingenious Man had at Dantsick, *(or somewhere thereabouts, 'tis't much odds) a Glass which after he had drunk, he would throw on the ground, bulge it, and hammer it out again.*

(a) *Out*

(a) *Out of* Lucian's *true History, Part the First.*

——AND now on a fair *ſtar-light* Noon
Our Ship launch'd off, and gently left the
(*Moon.*
So ſtoops the *Sun* to kiſs his watry *Fair*,
And with bright Foot-ſteps paints the ambi-
(ent Air.
Boreas had lockt his *Bullys* in their Cave,
And Birds of *calm* brood o're the marble
(wave.
But ah! how treacherous are the ſmiles of
(Fate!
How ſlippery treads the bleſt and fortunate!
Twice the kind *Sun* had warm'd the chearful
Skys,
Nor does leſs bright the *third* black day ariſe.
All *dreadful bright* it roſe, the Air was ſpread
Far, far around with ominous gloomy *Red.*
Sad hollow *Voices* by the Pilot paſt,
And one pale Light glar'd o're the tremb-
(ling *Maſt.*

When

When such dark Bodings call'd for Aid Di-
(vine,
We vow'd a *Bull* on *Neptune*'s oozy Shrine:
Tho' *Fate* was cross, yet he so far did hear,
We were no longer rackt with *doubtful fear*.
For see!
Whole Heards of *Whales* make the white
(Ocean roar,
New Seas they spout, and drive *new Seas* be-
(fore.
The Tide they brought had washt us far
(away,
But one *Leviathan*'s *Charibdis* made us stay.
He, like some Tyrant-*Gudgeon*, floated by
Amidst the little *Minews* trembling Fry:
Like *Lacquys* by with finny feet they ran,
Lean Poets all the rest, he some *fat Alderman*.
And when the vast *Abyss* around him curl'd,
They seem'd but *Mountains*, he alone a *World*:
We took his *Latitude* when sailing in,
Full fifteen hundred *Leagues* from *Fin* to
(*Fin*:
His dreadful *Jaws*, for our destruction bent,
Had *Teeth*, each larger than the *Monument*,
And sharp as Needles near in *Crooked-Lane*,
Set on some Diamond Island of the Main:
And now there's not so much as room for
(Pray'r,
The *last* sad refuge of the Mariner.

These

These, O my Wife, these, O my Children cry!
Then all shake hands, and drink, and bid
(Good-b'w'y'!
Here, had we been with such *Provision* stor'd,
We should have thrown some *Hogs-heads*
(over-board:
But here tho' we had robb'd the Moon and
(Sun,
An hundred *Delos*'s had hardly done:
The Monster gapes, unfinisht shrieks begin;
We sink, we sink, his *Whirl-pool* rolls us in!
Oceans are after Oceans on us hurl'd,
We shoot the *Gulph*, and down we sail to
(view the *under World*.

NOTES.

*Part of *Lucian*'s true History.

*'Tis paraphrastically done; tho I dare undertake, the Original is followed (at least) as close by the Transverser, as Truth by the Author.

*[——And now, on a fair *star-light* Noon.]

Lucian *and the Ships Crew had taken a Voyage to the Land i' the Moon, (without the help either of* Domingo*'s feathery, or other's Christal or Brazen Chariot, or so much as the* French *Smith's Wings;) and after many strange Adventures met with (you need not question) in so strange a place, is*

now

now just bound for Earth and Sea agen.

[So stoops the Sun to kiss his watry *Fair.*]

Apollo's *pretty Hostess, whom he uses a-nights to call in to;—But they are both very civil persons, and certainly mean no manner of harm in the World.——I forgot to tell you her Name is* Thetis.

[And Birds of *calm* brood o're the Marble (wave.]

These are a kind of Creatures the Poets have had the happiness to discover, as Harpys, Chymera's, &c. when all the other less inquisitive, or less lucky part of the World know nothing of 'em. They are said to brood on the Sea at a set time in the year; and Neptune *while they are hatching, is so complaisant to give 'em all fair weather. If any would see any more of 'em let 'em enquire at* Lucian's *true History, Second Part, and they shall know farther.*

[And *one* pale light glar'd o're the tremb- (ling *Mast.*]

Two Lights appearing on the Ship in a storm, are counted good Omens, one single, bad.

[We vow'd a *Bull* on *Neptune*'s oozy *Shrine.*]

As common an Offering to Neptune *of old, as now a wax Candle to my Lady of* Loretto.

[Full fifteen hundred *Leagues* from *Fin* to (*Fin.*]

I quote my Author: I have it from Lucian *himself; and we must say of him here, as he a little*

tle before of Ariſtophanes, [*that he ſpeaks like a learned Man, and would not tell a lie for all the World.*]

[h] [*Set* on ſome Diamond Iſland of the *Main.*]

One of thoſe Phaery Iſlands the Whale might know, tho' we don't.

[i] [We ſhould have thrown ſome *Hogs-heads* (over-board.]

As is the Cuſtom for Mariners when a Whale is near.

[k] [But here, tho' we had robb'd the *Moon* (and *Sun.*]

Delos *being their Free-land, ſettled in the Sea on purpoſe for the Birth-place of* Apollo *and* Diana.

An Elegant Letter, with a Copy of fine Verſes by a London *Wit, in anſwer to a* Lampoon.

Right Reverend Knawpoſt,

"YOur Prodigious *Chaos* of *Nonſence* "(compoſed, and wright by the Spawn "of a *Moabite*) I receiv'd, and am ſatiſ- "fy'd, that the Latitude of your *Troble* ex- "ceeds the *Demenſions* of mine, or you need

"not

"not have given your self so much unnecessary labour to prove your (else an inconsiderable Coxcomb. The perusal of your Satyrical Rhetorical Lines made me admire to see so excellent a *parrable* [1] in your Parts and Person; for as your Person is *monstrous* without the Aid and Assistance of modeish Accouterments, (were your Nose and *Chin* an inch shorter) so is there such a *Chimæra* [2] in your Disposition, that without the assistance of good Literature, the sense of your heroick Lines had rendred your Ape-ship more *ridiculous* then an Ass. Thus admireing the work of Nature, which hath created your Face so much like a *Sunn*-Dial, that were it equally *devided* into twelve parts, and as truly seated toward the *South* point, as your Affections are toward your Mistress; the shade of your Nose would certainly, when the *Sunn* shines, *discover* the true time of the Day.

So I rest,

Tom. Servant.

So much for the Epistle; the Poem followeth, (so much of it as the ill-natur'd Mice have left legible.)

How

How doth the learned *Critic* ſtand,
Penſive and mad, with Pen in hand,
Fraighted with ſtore of amorous Wares,
Which many an Author owns for theirs!

He is a Fool that thinks it good
To laugh at all that's made of *Wood*; [3]
And eke in time may lifted be
Unto the fatal wooden Tree.

In the Spark's *Letter obſerve, 'tis ſpell'd in the ſame manner that 'tis printed: For the word mark'd with the figure* [1] *and wrote* [parrable,] *I ſuppoſe he would ha' ſaid* [parallel;] *and figure* [2.] *for* Chimæw,——*he means either* Chymæra, *or nothing at all. In his Verſes, fig.* [3.]——That's made of *Wood*,] *for this block of a Lover, Poet, Scrivener, &c. was by Occupation a Joyner, or ſome ſuch wooden Trade, of which he had a touch in a former Lampoon. In anſwer to his Letter he had this following.*

An Answer to the Joyner's smart Letter.

Why Lad!

"HOw now Lad! witty these cold mornings! 'Tis well if this don't prognosticate some Plague; for certainly a "Comet is n't half so prodigious. But indeed, Friend *Thomas*, it terrifies the Coccles of my Heart, lest thou should'st at "this rate run out in a little time longer "thy Right Reverend Master, and Right "Worshipful Self with Charges to Scrivener and School-boy. I think thou'st claw'd "it off Lad! and the Mallet of thy Invention joyned with the peaceable Chizzel of "thy pestilent Wit, has for once obtunded "the Cerebrocity of every sawcy Rogue of "a Rival. In good sober sadness there's "Nonsence enow to perswade one it came "all, every bit and scrap, and *Chip* of it out "o' thy n'own dear Noddle; but that, as "the black old Gentleman, thy Friend, "would have it, who ow'd thee a spight "for once in thy life courting virtuous Women, 'tis writ and spelt at such a rate,

"as

none but such an incorrigible Blockhead could ever blunder on.——But who can help't? We must e'ne take't for better for worse, seeing there's no Remedy; and therefore, Here's to ye again! Alas poor Thing! Is your queasie Gut surfeited with all the Tripe-women, Kitchin-stuff-wenches, Hogs-feet, Butter-Whores and Scullions in our Street, that you have all so sudden such a nuckle mind to what's meat for your Masters. 'Twould be worth the while now to launch out into the due Applause of thy portly *paunch* and person, but only thy sweet Face, my Joy! is so much like a Slough, that I'm already foundered. Horse and Man, and therefore lest I should marr thy Marriage, thinking one can't pick and choose in the case, e'ne best recommend thee to an honest Cindar-woman, or the Tankard-bearer's hump-backt Lady, with whom, as I am credibly informd, you used to have intimate familiarity and converse in the corner of the Cellar.

So I rest,

Yours.

DIALOGUES.

I. Dialogue,

Between a Thatcher *and a* Gardener, *for Precedency, on occasion of a Pot of Ale with this Inscription:*

Detur Dignior.

Thatcher.

Down, down to the Clod out of which thou art made,
Nor with *Tinder-box-hoof* my *Ladder* invade!
The *Pot* shall be mine in spight of thy *Spade.*

Gardener.

And dares the poor Thatcher with the Gardener vye!
Sure his *Noddle*'s grown giddy with sitting so high;
Let our Titles be try'd by the next that comes by.

Thatch.

Thatcher.

Content! (*Gardener*,) And content; and look
(over the plain,
Where *Cuddy* the Shepherd comes trotting
(amain:
Who but he should decide which is best of
(the twain?

Thatcher.

Tho' a Shepherd may be partial, he's honest
(and true,
He's old, and he's grave, and he Justice will
(do,
And *Cuddy* will be *equal* to me and to you.

Gardener.

But look, he's just here: pr'y thee tell him
(the Tale;

Thatcher.

Hey, *Cuddy*, and judge whether *Trade* must
(prevail,
For the *best* of our two wins a *Pot* of good Ale.

Cuddy.

I stay while I can, but then quickly begin,
Neither expect the Honour to win!
For my *Landlord* in haste has sent for me in.

Gardener.

The straining of Complements now would
(be vain,
The eldest and noblest of Trades I'le main-
(tain;
Gardener was *Adam*, but a *Thatcher* was *Cain*.

Thatcher.

Not so fast Mr. *Gard'ner*! with *Reeds* and
(with Boughs
His *Father* before him had cover'd a House:
Sure you dare not deny what *Dubartas* a-
(vows
Gardener.

The *Hero*'s from *Gardens* and Solitudes came,
And sallying from thence fill'd the World
(with their Name;
But who ever heard of a *Thatcher* of Fame?

Thatcher.

Epicurus indeed from a Garden did rise,
But *Atheism* never can a *Thatcher* surprize,
Since he alwayes is viewing the Sun and
(the Sky

Gardener.

From the tops of their Houses *Egyptians*
(must own
To the rest of the World *Idolatry* flown;
And too many Gods are scarce better than
(none

Thatcher.

If you're driven into *Egypt*, and fly from
(the Cross
Very far from your *Lodge*, one need not
(seek
To find out the Omnipotent *Onion* and *Leek*

Gard.

Gardener.

Their *Trophies* Kings, Captains and Empe-
(rors bring,
And all over-board for one *Shovel* they fling;
But who ever heard of a *Thatcher* a King?

Thatcher.

The *Gallows* and *Garden* when all other means
(fails!
Thus *Dennis* when scap'd from *Sicilian* Jayls,
Fell from *cutting* of *throats* to *cutting* of *tails*.

Gardener.

Each *Beggar* the name of the *Thatcher* can tell,
For nothing you're fit but a *Cottage* and Cell;
I with Princes and Lords by their *Palaces*
(dwell.

Thatcher.

Thatch keeps out all *Care* as well as all *Cold*.
Besides by my *Grandsire* I've often been told,
That *Straw* has been *Cov'ring* for Churches
(of old.

Gardener.

Scarce once in a *Moon* you mount from the
(ground,
And another Trade too, or you'll starve,
(must be found,
Tha' still pleasant work that holds all th:
(year round.

Thatcher.

No doubt on't, and Winter must never in-
(fest
Your *fortunate Regions* with Summer still blest,

Nor fix you like a *Cuckow* clung up in his (Neſt!
Caddy.
Brave Boys, both! ſo well you each other (abuſe.
There's hardly between you a halter to chuſe.
I judge that to make one another amends,
I drink off the *Ale*, you *ſhake hands* and be (Friends.

NOTES.

[A Gard'ner was *Adam*, but a Thatcher (was *Cain*.]
Thus demonſtrated.——Cain *built a City before any Iron-work was invented*; *he could not therefore have Tiles to cover it*:——Ergo, *'twas done with Thatch, or ſomewhat equivalent.*

[Sure you dare not deny what *Dubartas* (avows]
Dubartas *in his Poem of the Creation, deſcribes* Adam's *rude draught of building in this manner.*

[*Epicurus* indeed from a Gard'ner did riſe.]
Epicurus *his Study and Schools being in a Garden, was ſo notorious, that his Principles are thence call'd*——*The Doctrine of* [the Garden.] [But

[But *Atheism* never can a Thatcher surprize,
Since he always is viewing the Sun and the Skys.]

This even the Epicureans *confess a strong Inducement to the belief of a Supream Being, the Author of the World; and therefore give their Followers a Caution against it. So* Lucretius, *Book 5. p. 141.*

For even those few exalted Souls that know
The Gods must live at ease, not look below;
Free from all medling Cares, from hate and love;
They admire, if view the World above,
They wonder how those glorious Beings move.
They are entrap'd, they bind their slavish Chain,
And sink to their religious Fears again.
Mr. Creeches *Translation.*

[From the tops of their Houses *Ægyptians* must own,
To the rest of the World Idolatry's flown.]

If the Gardener puts a fallacy on the Thatcher, let him look to it himself; I only am to explain his meaning thus far,——That in Ægypt, *from the tops of their houses the* Ægyptians *frequently used to view the Heavens, living in a Champain Country.——Hence Astronomy, and as some say, Idolatry.*

[To find out the omnipotent *Onion* and *Leek*:

Part of the worshipful God-heads of Ægypt, which, tho' of the two more tolerable than the Crocodile; yet, had Horace *liv'd there, or many others, they had certainly, as to that point of the Compass, turn'd Atheists.*

[Thus *Dennis*, when scap't from *Sicilian* (Jayls,]
Fell from cutting of *throats* to cutting of *tails*.]

When Dyonisius *the Tyrant of* Sicily *was expell'd, he went to* Corinth, *and there set up School-master.*

[That Straw has been Cov'ring for Churches of old.]

The Church of Glastenbury, *the antientest certainly in* England, *if the Monks do n't lie, was built, the sides with Hurdles, and thatch'd with Straw.*

The

The Second Dialogue,

Between the Herring, and Whale.

[a] *Whale.*

I Am the bold *Whale.* (*Herring:*) – And the
(brisk *Herring* I.

Whale.

Thro' the *Ocean* I roll. (*Herring.*) O're the
(*Shallows* I fly.

Whale.

[b] *Per fidem* be gone from my presence! How
(dare
The ridiculous *Mouse* with the *Mountain* com-
(pare?

Herring.

Take my Honour, take my Life! to my Post
(I'll abide,
Now I find such Authority plain o' my side,
Tho' you swell, yet, unless the *Rehearsal* do's
(lie,

[c] There's ten times more *Beauty* and *Shape* in
(a *Fly.*

Whale.

Tho' with ease I could *breath* thee to nothing
(*again*
Or spout thee a Mile, to thy Enemies, Men;

Like *Phœbus* I'll ſtoop from my glittering (Throne,
And even deſcend to diſpute for my own;
A couple we'll chuſe, who the Umpires ſhall (be,
The *Dolphin* is mine. (*Herring*) —The *Shrimp* (my *Referee*.

When in the *Abyſs* I no longer did ſleep,
But kind Mother Nature call'd me out of the (deep;
What a *Gulph* did I leave i' the ſpace whence I (came?
What a *Cantle* of *Chaos* was ſpent i' my frame!
When Nature the *Whale* into *Being* did bring,
She ſmil'd, and ſhe cry'd—*He is made for a King.*
Herring.

To a World of dull *Bullion* your eſſence do's (hold,
Scarcean *Atom* of *Soul* was caſt into the *Mould*,
Room enough, and to ſpare laviſh Nature al- (lows,
But provides not a *Tenant* to ſuit with the (Houſe:
As for me, tho' ſhe wails me with *Fleſh*, and with (*Skin*,
Yet my *Form*'s little elſe but pure *Spirit* within:
And in vain you your *Bulk* for your Monarchy (bring,
For if the *Ocean* were *Goth-land* who but I (ſhould be King.
Whale.

Whale.

Not alone on my *Bulk* I intend to rely;
My Strength, and my Courage with my *Magnitude* vye:
My side is too thick for a Spear or a Dart;
Huge *Rafters* of Ribs *barricado* my Heart.
Even *Neptune* himself is afraid when I roar,
And his quiv'ring *Court dive* away to the Shore.
With a courage undaunted I'll a *Navy* assail,
And disorder whole *Squadrons* by a brush with my Tail.
Herring.
Your strength and your Valour must needs be Divine,
When you're caught, like a Gudgeon with a Hook, and a Line:
When spite of Dame *Luna*, at Ebb twill be flood,
And you make a *Spring-tide* all around with your Blood.
Whale.
The Laws of hard *Nature* forbid to withstand,
That Forreigner *Man*, the fierce *Tyrant* o'th Land:
'Tis the *Sea* is my *Kingdom*, and the Waters must own,
At home I have ever been *Monarch* alone.
Herring.
Yes, as oft, as the *Sword-fish*, and *Thrasher* will please
To leave off their Sport, and allow you some ease:

On

On your *Noddle* and under your *Paunch* they
(are set,
While one *Reyns* you in, 'tother makes you
(*Curvet*;
Then *Neptune* indeed may shake when you
(roar,
Tho' you're Nine-mile at Sea, they can hear
(you ashore.

Dolphin.

All to Arms! all to Arms! while we scolding sit
(here,
Look! look where the Enemys fleet do's ap-
(pear:
The Fishermans Navy with sail, and with
(Oar,
That has often among us made Havock be-
(fore.

Shrimp, Herring.

I boyl—and I broyl till my *Jerkin* do's crack.

Whale.

And I feel barb'ed Irons like a *Grove* on my
(back:
'Tis in vain with such Odds for the *Combat*
(to stay,
All shift for your selves, and I'll *tend* you the
(way.

NOTES.

NOTES.

'[I am the bold *Whale*—and the brisk *Herring*

(I.)

First and formost, (*and before I tell you by what Art I make these Gentlemen speak*) 'tis the part of an Honest man to acknowledge, and repay what he has borrow'd. *This Line is but little alter'd from that in* Rehearsal.

'I am the bold *Thunder*—the brisk *Lightning* I.

In the next place—By what Art Magick can I perswade Fishes to speak, who are mute to a Proverb, and no more enclin'd to prating than Fryer Bacon's Brazen-Head? Why, first take notice that's a Vulgar Errour, and a Scandal on the free Citizens of the Ocean: they are silent indeed when drag'd into our Element, nor should we much, I believe, be more enclin'd to Oratory, if Head and Ears covered in theirs. Again, 'tis plain they have a voice, prov'd from the Whale, who in his Battle with the Sword-fish and Thrasher, deserv'd below wears with such an audible voice, he may be heard three Leagues off. If all this don't enough; I'm sure they may as well pretend to speech as Lucians *Ass, and Lamp; by which Figure I shall introduce Chamber-pot and Frying-pan, two or three pages hence.*

[For

[b] [*Per fidem* be gone from my presence!]

By this Verse you may learn, if you understand Logick—first that the Whale understands Latin; and secondly that he's Proctor of the Ocean.

[c] [There's ten times more *Beauty*, and shape in a Fly.]

Vid. Rehearsal.

" I'd sooner have a Passion for a Whale,
" In whose vast bulk tho' store of Oyl do's lie,
" We find more Shape, more Beauty in a Fly.

[d] [Like *Phœbus* I'll stoop from my glittering Throne.]

Once upon a time Phœbus *having nothing else to do* (*perhaps when* Jupiter *gave him a* Holiday) *descended to some Wake or other, and undertook the Fidler for a Wager; but being like to be baffled, he had no remedy but to call his Godship in, and fright the Poor fellow so* (*whose name I should have told ye was* Marsyas) *that he made him leap out of his Skin.*

[e] [When in the Abyss I no longer did sleep.]

How should the Whale know that piece of Philosophy? Why might not Aristotle *teach him when he leapt into the Water, as wisely as* Empedocles *into Fire? But 'tis contrary to his* Hypothesis, *who denied a beginning of the World, and consequently the Chaos, &c. Why, then* Arion *when cap'ring on the* Dolphins *back, instructed that* Dolphin, *that* Dolphin *his Son, and so down to the Whale,—and there's the short and the long on't.*

[f] [For

[For if the Ocean were *Gothland*, who but (I should be King?]

'Twas the custom among the Goths *to chuse a little man for their Prince.*

[Huge *Rafters* of Ribs *barricado* my Heart.]

If you won't take the Whales word, 'tis but stepping to Rumford *Road, or the Physick-Garden in* Oxford, *where a couple of Whales Ribbs are to be seen, neither inferiour in bigness to a lusty Rafter.*

[When you're caught like a Gudgeon with (a Hook, and a Line.]

One way of Whale-fishing is striking at him with an Iron fastened to a long Rope, then letting the Rope loose, the Whale beats up and down till it for loss of blood yieldeth up the Ghost.

[When spite of Dame *Luna*, at Ebb 'twill be (Flood.]

By this compar'd with what went before, 'tis probable that tho' the Whale was for the Neotericks, *the Herring keeps close to the old Philosophy, and according to that, holds the Moon to be the cause of Tides.*

[Yes as oft as the Sword-fish, and Thrasher (shall please.]

The Story is thus. The Thrasher and Sword-fish are two Fish, the Whales implacable Enemyes. The Sword-fish having a sharp bone in his Head, gets under his soft Belly, and makes him rise to the Top of the Water: where the Thrasher with his

his Wash-beetle Tayl, beats him down again, and between them both they Thump him so unconscionably, that he crys murder so loud you may hear him three Leagues off.

The Third Dialogue,

Between Chamber-pot and Frying-Pan.

Chamber-pot.

STand off! nor with rude Smut disgrace
'The Glories of my *brighter* face!

Frying-pan.

Tho not *so glib* my Face be seen,
Yet all I'me sure's *as sweet* within.

Chamber-pot.

You in the Kitchin *drudge* alone,
None handles you but *greasie Joan!*

Frying-pan.

I always lend, but you receive;
Which is most brave, to *take*, or *give?*

Chamber-pot.

Oft Maid and Mistriss fetch me out,
To wash their their Lilly-*hand* and *Snowt.*

Frying-pan.

You're civil sure, and use I hope
With *Water* to allow 'em *Soap.*

Chamber-

Chamber-pot.
Yes, such as nere, at worst, indures
To scowre so foul a *Mouth* as yours.
Frying-pan.
O what a fragrant *Hoge* rose
But now, to twinge a swounding Nose?
Chamber-pot.
Such as when you were made a Tool,
To Fry the *Break-fast* for the *Fool.*
Frying-pan.
All bulg'd and yellow you must fall
At last behind some ruin'd Wall;
Or melt, and to your Masters loss
Leave both at once your *stink* and *dross.*
Chamber-pot.
Take then, since me you'll thus Incense,
These marks of my *Benevolence*:
Such *Water* as if Fame says true,
Diana on *Acteon* threw;
Which as some learned men surmize,
With flap of Fox put out his Eyes:
And least of *Rary shew* he brag,
Bewitcht poor *Hunter* into Stag.

NOTES.

[The Glories of my *Brighter* Face.]
Hence take notice, to the Honour of the Poet,
'twas

was a Pewter Chamber-pot, and to the Honour of the Maid, was newly scoured.

[To Fry the *Breakfast* for the *Fool*.]

A known story of a Lords Cook and Fool.

[Bewitcht poor *Hunter* into Stag.]

Diana, *on his viewing her Dimensions, and the rest of her Virgins, as naked as ever they were born, sprinkled him with some of her own Holy-water, and turn'd him into a Stag.*

Against a Kiss.

A PINDARIC.

CHarming *Destroyer!* whither wilt thou roll,
The tumbling *Soul?*
When *Sylvia* smiles with all her Sexes Arts,
And *Angles* for loose wandring Hearts;
Sweet lovely *Poysons* from her *Lips* she breaths,
Soft subtle *Darts*,
And dear bewitching *Deaths*;
Smiling *Plagues* she throws,
Golden *Granado's* sowes,
And into Air the tortur'd Soul with Loves
(*white-powder* blows,
Presents with painted *Vipers* gay, and crownd,
And scatters *Heavenly Hells* around.

2.

A *Kiss*! there's *Magick* in the Name,
What *Amulet* against its force can Arm;
The *willing* Letters of themselves forbidden
(sounds compose,
And *leap* into a *charm*,
And plunge the Hearer in blew *Waves* of Flame,
[a] Such sulph'rous liquid flame as flows,
From *Aetna's* everlasting Womb:
Which oft e're now over proud Towns weak
(Walls arose,
[b] And brought to *Cities*, and to *men*, both *Death*
(and *Tomb*;
Where Christal Lakes for long long Ages
(stood,
[c] Supplyd from the *Abyss* with an eternal flood,
For long unnumbred Ages past,
Scarce Ice more cold, or chast;
There, over all the *mouldring* Banks red Sur-
(ges pour;
There do's *hot Vulcan* ravish all, and all de-
(vour,
[d] And even *vitrifies* the Mud.
With much ado, to their great *Fund* some
(straggling drops retire,
Close at the Heels pursu'd by swift prepo-
(st'rous *Waves of Fire*.

3.

A Lip's the Devils *Tinderbox*,
Whence by soft repeated stroaks

Lusts

Lusts *lurking* Lightning flyes,
And blasts the unhappy Soul that pryes,
With rash unwary *Eyes*.
A downy *Pillow* where the firmest Heart is
(broke,
(Be't *Heart of Flint*, or *Heart of Oak!*)
With a fly never-smarting stroke:
A *Kiss* that *Traytor* in an *Angels* dress,
From bad *Good-offices* will never cease,
But ever seems to bring fair *Overtures* of *Peace*,
When its *Commission* speaks of nothing less.
At the *Mouths* tott'ring Gate it *parlys* Sin
Slides thro' a strong *reserve*,
To invested *Lust*, which else must quickly
(starve,
And gives *Intelligence* to every Enemy within.

'Tis *Death*, 'tis *Poyson* all!
Slow, sure *Italian* poyson, 'twill
To a Year, an Hour, a Minute kill;
Dead without Hope the infected Wretches
(fall:
One *Kiss* will raise
More Frenzies than a score *Tarantula's*.
The *trickling* Venom thro' each *secret* path will
(run,
Till its mortal *Errand's* done,
The *pungent Atoms* search the Body o're,
Infect each drop of putred *Gore*,

And

And *chase* the quivring *Soul* thro' every wind-
(ing *Port*:
And see the curst *Enchantress* smiling by,
Glares with a sharp unlucky eye,
Hind'ring the very *wish* of Remedy.
[g] *Musick* the common *countercharm*,
Carronly here increase the *Immedicable* Harm:
And raise ten thousand *Devils* more,
To all the unnumber'd *Legions* revel'd there
(before.

NOTES.

[a] [Such sulph'rous liquid Flame as flows
From *Ætna's* everlasting Womb.]

[b] [And brought to *Cities*, and to *Men*, both
(*Death* and *Tomb*.]

At the Eruptions of that famous Sicilian Volcano, *the melted Minerals broke down all opposition, and ran for many Miles a continual stream of Fire; when it came to any Houses, it burst all down tho' never so strong, and buryed the very Walls in heaps of* Pumice *Stones, and such kind of matter.*

[c] [Supplyd from the *Abyss* with an eternal
(flood.]

Among many other learned mens, 'tis the immortal Cowleys *opinion, that under, or in the middle*

middle of the Earth, there is a Fund of Concreated Water (as well as Fire) call'd — [*The Fountains of the great deep.*]

[*And even vitrifies the Mud.*]

Vitrification is the last degree of Heat, in plain English turning into Glass.

[*To a Year, an Hour, a Minute kill.*]

Some of the Italians *are reported so skilful as the hellish Art of Poysoning (well reckon'd together, if not sometimes the same, with Witchcraft) that they'll kill ye a man to any precise time, as certainly as a Clock; and temper the potion so deviliſhly exquiſite, it ſhall rill ſuch a time ſuſpend its operation.*

[More Frenzies than a ſcore *Tarantula's.*]

The Tarantula *is a Spider found in* Apulia *in* Italy, *whoſe Poyſon is ſo peculiar, that the Perſon bitten by it falls inceſſantly a Dancing, nor is to be cured but by* —

[Muſick, the common Counter-charm.]

Which diſſipates the Venom, and makes 'em, (I can't tell how) ſweat it out again.

ON

On a certain Nose.

ROom for a Nose (think what you will,
'Tis true) as High as — *High-gate Hill*:
Turn't to a *Bridge*, 'twill ease the Feet,
And reach from thence to *Fryday-street*;
If you'll set under for a stay
The man in Chains at *Holloway*.)
Steeple crown'd Nose, who thinks it scorn
To be by any *Spire* o're born;
(Fell *Dragon-nose* held up you know,
Disdainfully a top of *Bow*;
A *Nose* which would not be content
If *meted* by the *Monument*;
So scorns the *May-pole in the Strand*
To measure with a *Fishmo-Wand*:
This with the Top of old St. *Poll*
Had easily stood *Cheek by Joll*.
(Tho neither of their cloudy Spires
Were proof against invading Fires:)
Nor now is it afraid to show
For bigness with the *Cupulo*;
Bright *Gorgeons* Nose, which stoopeth not
To that of the *Rhinocerot*.

And

And, if some Mad-man were his Friend,
Would yield as much by *Candles-end*:
But, ah! unless it self 'twould come,
One Fleet could never lug it home;
Unless packt up in several loads,
Like the fat Straddling God at *Rhodes*.
A Voice it has; a Voice so swingeing,
It drowns with ease Sir *Morelands* Engine,
And may be heard to *Red-riff* Shore,
In spight of bawling *Scull or Oar*.
Thence larger fall, and louder Streams
Than those of roaring-Through-Bridge-(*Thames*.

A Boat; a *Boat*! or I am drowned,
I'th' *Eddy* of its Wave *confounded*.
Land me! that I may see my Dearest,
Land me at *Queen-hithe*! — sure that's the (nearest.

Where I'll to *Nose* compare't agen,
In *Head* of *Neighbour Saracen*:
And sure the Painter could not err,
Who *Copy'd Face* and *all* from Her.

NOTES.

NOTES.

[And reach from thence to *Fryday-Street.*]
Why Fryday Street? *'Tis reason now if it is up the Verse.*

[Fell *Dragon*-Nose, which mounts you know,
Disdainfully at Top of *Bow.*]
Alluding to that Dragon which is the Vane of Bow-Steeple.

[For bigness with the *Cupola.*]
The four Towers, to be joyn'd together, like that at Wool-church.

[Like the fat Straddling God at *Rhodes.*]
The Colossus *at* Rhodes *was broken down and carryed away by degrees. Two of that vast bulk that Ships sail'd into the Haven between its Legs.*

[It drowns with ease Sir *Moreland's* Engine.]
The speaking Trumpet, invented by Sir Sam. Moreland.

[And may be heard to *Red'riff* Shore.]
One of these Trumpets had words pronounc'd by it at Gresham Colledge, *which were heard distinctly and wrote down, a 'tother side the water.*

In Praise of Horns.

ASsist ye gentle Powers that can,
Assist some blind good natur'd Man,
All the *Nines* aid I'd now refuse
For one kind smile from *Jordans* Male.
'Tis done! 'tis done! and by her power,
At Feet of *Prince*, or *Emperour*,
Transform'd, with voice, and visage mild,
I sit like any *Pageant Child*:
First mannerly I bow'd my Head,
Then perkust up again, and se'd:
First Wheat and Barley shall be sown,
And sprout again on *London-stone*;
First *Cure for Corns*! I'th' *Stillyard* range,
And *Thro'-bridge-hoa!* roar round the *Change*;
And *Guild-hall* cross the *Thames* be born,
E're I forget renowned *Horn*:
When late with Ribbons all bedress't,
So gaudy, at the *Cockney's* Feast,
Each *little-Master* struts along,
Shouted by the *Blew-apron'd*-Throng,
Which of the pretty *Lads* confess't
Amongst 'em all their Fathers *Crest*?

Tho'

o' many a One his Glory owes
to the *Sweat* of Mothers *brows*;
ho by the Childrens looks could find
e ever was to others kind?
he *Calf* is still without it born,
o' Parent-*Bull* wears dreadful Horn;
s Wardrobe, when set out in State
ops from his Fathers fertile *Pate*;
hich does whole *Cornucopia*'s shed,
finifie him, round his Head.
What glorious Things! what Trinkets (rare,
Forrest Cart when joulted there,
yearly bought at *Charlton* Fair.
n-fair that better Tricks can shew!
an *Green-goose*, or than *Bartlomew*.
hen *Mistress* drinks, and *John* does thank (her,
the Kings-head, or the Blew-Anchor;
w harmless does she smiling come,
bring *best* Husband *Fairings* home!
ings to make him fine and guy
inst next *Training Holyday*?
hich more than *Silver* Head-piece grace
brazen brow, and *Copper* Face:
tural *Half-pikes* which more adorn
an that upon the *Unicorn*;
e such famous feats can do,
hat *Miracles* are found in Two?

Two, grafted in the place of frontlets,
A Princely pair of large *Brow-antlets*:
Which if the *Herauld* plays his part,
And draws his *Hatchment* out with Art;
Tho' Fields of Gules should overwhelm it,
Must peep at Top of Argent Helmet:
The Motto——*Decus & Tutamen*,
* And I'll for Rhime, write under
——*Amen.*

NOTE.

* [And I'll for Rhyme, write under
——*Amen.*]

If this seems a little of the dullest, consi[illegible] what Muse I'me thro' all this Copy inspired wi[illegible]

Advice to Monsieur Ragoo, *w[illegible] had his choice either to be Hang[illegible] or Married.*

TAke Courage poor despairing Lover!
Walk up! walk up, and e'ne *turn* o[illegible]
Who Mounts the *Bridal Bed* is madder
By far, than him that Mounts the *Ladder*
Wh

What Man in's Wits wo'n't rather chuse
The *Hempen*, than the *Marriage* Noose?
Or in so plain a Case would faulter,
And take the *Ring* to leave the *Halter*;
Since you perhaps slight my Authority,
Look back! look back on beauteous *Dorcy!*
Who often without Wit or Fear,
Bids a whole Troop *Come on if they dare!*
Come on! she crys, nor should they scare me,
Tho' *Xerxes* 'twere and all his Army. (lows?
There's Doll: who knows what mischief fol-
Here's nothing but a single *Gallows.*
His prudence who would not admire,
That leaps from *Frying-pan to Fire?*
See if you dare, you quiv'ring Booby,
Those Lips of *Pearl*, that Snowt of *Ruby:*
Within, (I would not do her wrong)
There hangs a *Clapper*-alias-*Tongue*,
It shakes the *Church*, and rives the *Steeple*,
And when it Rings—beware good People!
Then, tho' perhaps you'll at it wonder,
Sowres all the *Neighbours Ale* like Thunder:
As Lyons *roar* to Mouses squeaking;
So *Christ-church Tom*, and *Tom* of *Pequin.*
(Tho' we in this the Jesuits anger,)
Are both but Saints-bells to her *Twanger:*
To *Hell* she scorns to be beholding,
She *deafs* the *Devils Dam* with scolding;
Her face still *Lavers* when she washes,
Her Face which sneaks behind *Proboscis.*

Bring the *Commissioners* of *Sewer*,
And e're you Kiss her let 'em view her:
They'll fifty *Dung-carts* round her place,
To clear the *Kennel* of her Face;
But all in vain since all too late,
The Dirt is now *concorporate*:
Inveterate Dirt of sev'n years *standing*,
That scorns to wagg for their commanding.
And all her *Frame* you now may call
Without a Figure — One *Mud-wall*.
Which this great Rule to'th Life expresses,
'Tis *Uniform* — In *Uglinesses*.
But O! what *Sea-weed* may compare
With her strong *Onion-Ropes* of Hair.
Step back a little! call the *Thatcher*,
No *Peruke-maker* e're could match her:
No Nets are they, no *Cupids* fetter,
But *Halters* plain; nor worse, nor better.
If thus her *upper* features show,
Thy *Mermaid* sure's meer Devil *below*;
If all this in her *Wast-coat*'s noted,
O how is she *Be-petticoated*!
Now of two Ills chuse you the least,
(And which that is may soon be guest)
Woo you the *Rope*, and not the *Beauty*,
And bid the Hangman *do his Duty*.

NOTES.

NOTES.

'[Look back! look back on Beauteous *Doroty!*

Doll-Troop, *or* Doll-Common, *Laundress, (and somewhat into the Bargain) to a Troop of Horse: her Mr.* Ragoo, *when condemn'd for Plundering, was to marry, or be hang'd.*

'[So *Christ-church Tom*, and *Tom* of *Pequin.*]

The Jesuits relate at Pequin *in* China *is a Bell weighing twelve hundred thousand pound weight.*

'[Her Face that sneaks behind *Proboscis.*]

The Proboscis *is the Trunk, or Nose of an* Elephant.

On a pretended Schollar that would have had some Verses he had stoln from another Book inserted into the Maggots.

HA! then 'tis Time! affronted *Muse* begin!
Rouse each ill-natur'd sleeping *Thought* (within:

Purſe thy dark Brow! thy trembling *Sinews* ſtrain,
And ſwell the angry blood in ev'ry *Vein*!
Has Fortune dragg'd thy *Vengeance* from her Throne,
Cruſht out thy wonted *String*, and call'd thee *Drone*?
No! here's a *Pen* do's manly ſpite revive,
Jogs me, and lets me know my *Soul*'s alive;
And tells the wretch that urg'd a Poets frown,
He has rouz'd a *Lion* that will rend him down.
Was I ſo eaſie grown, ſo tame a Tool!
Had fate the power to *cramp* me into *Fool*?
That *this to me*? and was my Stock ſo low,
I muſt for ſcrapps of Wit a *Mumping* go?
What! Thief at ſecond hand! doubly the world abuſe,
And *robb that Spittle* of thy hungry Muſe!
Since one good turn another do's require,
Induſtrious *Hackney* theſe ſhall be thy Hire:
This Load of Curſes which would make thee crack,
Tho' vamp'd with *Porters*, or with *Camels* back.
What *College* Sir? where took you your *Degree*?
Bridewell or *Bedlam*—— Univerſity?
No doubt thou there wert bleſs't with *due applauſe*,
For decent beating *Hemp*, and picking *Straws*;

In

In one of them (you see I dont collogue
With Friends) *commencing* Fool, in to ther
(Rogue;
But ah! at last the better party fail'd;
The *Fool* went down, the *Rampant Rogue* pre-
(vail'd.
Long thou in *Bridewell* with fell fate didst wra-
Like *Hudibras*, lock't in *enchanted Castle*; (stle;
What *Devil* against the Gates a *Whirlwind*
(hurl'd,
And let thee out agen to Plague the World?
Of old ye out-ran the *Constable*, 'tis true,
But sure my Verse can run as fast as you:
What tho' unknown? I dare thy *shade* arraign,
For *Poets* are not *Prophets* call'd in vain:
Here take this *Pass* e're we for ever part,
Then run, and then *Farewell with all my Heart*.
The *Poets* pride, and *Beggery*, and Lies,
The *Cit: kind Wife*, and fear, and avarice:
The *Lawyers* yelling in their feign'd debate,
And the fleec'd *Clients* wisdom all too late;
The *keeping* Cully's Jealousie, and Care;
The slighted *Lovers* Maggots, and Despair;
A Womans *Body* every day to dress,
A fickle *Soul*, little as theirs, or less. (stage;
The Courtiers *Business*, th' *Impudence* o'th'
And the Defeated Politicians *rage*; (Clack;
A Clock-work *Spouse*, with loud eternal
A *Shop o'th' Change*, still damn'd to *What d'ye*
(*lack*!

Worse than these *Lash*, if any Curses more,
[a]*Ovid* e're knew, or fiercer *Oldhams* store:
Till not one part in Body, or Soul be free,
May all their barbed Vengeance shower on
(Thee;
Press't with their weight long mayst thou ra-
(ving lye,
Envying an *Halter* but not dare to dye,
And when condemn'd thou dost thy *Clergy*
(plead,
Some frightful *Fiend* deny thee power to *Read*.
Madness, Despair, Confusion, Rage, and
(Shame,
Attend you to *the place from whence you came*;
To *Tyburn* thee let Carrion Horses draw,
In jolting *Cart* without so much as *Straw*.
Jaded may they lie down i'th' road, and tir'd,
And, (worse than one fair hanging) twice be
(mir'd:
[b]Mayst thou be maul'd with *Pulchers* Sextons
(Sermon,
Till thou roar out For Hemp sake *drive on*
(*Carman!*
Pelted, and curst i'th' road by every one,
E'ne *to be Hang'd* mayst thou the *Gauntlet* run!
Not one good Woman who in *Conscience* can
Cry out — 'Tis pity Troth — *a proper Man!*
Stupid and dull mayst thou rub off like *Hone*
Without an open, or a *smother'd* Groan.

May

May the *Knot* miss the place, and fitted be
To plague, and torture, not deliver thee!
Be half-a-day a dying thus, and then
'Revive like *Savage* to be hang'd agen!
In pity now thou shalt no longer live,
For when thus satisfi'd, I *can forgive*.

NOTES.

[*Ovid* e're knew, or fiercer *Oldhams* store.]
Ovids *curses on* Ibis, *and* Oldhams *on the Woman who ruin'd his Friend.*

[Mayst thou be maul'd with *Pulchers* Sexton's Sermon.]
The Sexton of St. Sepulchres *Church, makes a kind of a preachment to such as go by to be hang'd.*

[Revive like *Savage.*]
One that was hang'd twice.

A Pindaric Poem

On Three Skipps of a Louse.

I.

QUeen of all harmonious Things!
Cap'ring Words, and *frisking* Strings,
What

What Hang'd *Hero* wilt thou sing?
What lowly *Rogue* to equal Glories bring?
Ah! what could man do more? I strove
To teach my Strings of Thundring *Jove*;
Of long-nail'd *Juno*, Scold Divine,
Of *Cerberus* and *Proserpine*;
But all in vain, for in a Trice
My mighty *Hero's* dwindled down to Lice:
Go Charioteer! the *Coach* prepare!
(Or *call a Coach* if any's there!)
My *Muse* forsooth must take the Air;
And we intend to rove
Beyond the narrow Bounds of Nature, and
We 'll take a race (of *Jove*.
Where light-cloath'd *Nothings*, and thin
(*fantoms* dwell,
Beyond the narrow Bounds of time and
(place,
Beyond the out-strecht Line of Earth, of
(Heaven, and Hell.

2.

Pindaric *Pegasus*! advance
Now with the lofty *Barbary* proudly wa-
And *amble now* (ving prance,
Like a *Galloping Cow*?
But if thy Cross-grain'd *Ladies* will not
(lend
Their winged Saddle-nag to 'blige a friend,

If they lock up their Cellar all-divine,
And will not spare one soop of *Aganippe*-
Tell 'em I'll get assistance nigher (Wine,
That soon shall mount me higher;
In Bedstaffs-twinkling I'll be gone
[b] To better Streams at *Islington*,
Inspir'd from *Sadlers* Pump I'le do, and (dare
As much as any motly drunken Doctor there,
There boles of *Helicon* my Horse and I'll (carouse,
And for the founderd *Jade* mount my cur-
3. (retting Lowse.
So rides the great *Mogul* in State
[b] When at proud *Agra*'s trembling Gate,
Met by each humble, as a Potentate;
VVith Flow'rs the Roads are pav'd, with (Flow'rs the houses crown'd,
And bruitish Mirth, and barb'rous joy runs (all-along,
Whilst he uplifted high
Like a New *Titan*, scales the Sky.
From that wild Mount of Flesh, whose (Shoulders bear,
Better than *Æsops Eagles*, *Castles* in the air.
So a tall *Ant* in days of yore
[c] A Bold adventurous *Pigme* bore.
So, on my fair-neckt Louse securely set
[d] Like great *Astolfo*, or little *Pacolet*,
With Spur and Switch I make my Steed curvet.

Hold,

Hold, hold! I'me gone! I'me gone! that
(leap has lost us:
So *Old-Nick* lored away with Doctor *Fau-*
(*stus.*

4.

Beyond th' *attraction* of dull Earth we're
(born,
Near the purple chambers of the *Morn*;
Now less, and less the lengthen'd *Species*
(grow;
Now, credit me,
We hardly see
Athos and *Tenariff*, and *Michaels Mount* below,
In Glass or brazen Chariot scarce so soon,
Nor with *Domingo's Ganza's* had we
(reach'd the Moon.
There we discover
Over and over
What e're quick *Axant* or *Hevelius* saw;
Without their Glasses
Her Lunatick Faces,
Aetna's, and Land, and Sea, we in a Map could
(draw.
But my poor *Lowse* more of its kind
Above could find,
For all the Lowse Woodcocks still were left
(behind,
And therefore calmly dives to *Earth* again;
So Angels *think* themselves down thro' the
(*airy Main.*

5. O'er

5.

O'er Hedge and Ditch, a *Scholars*, or a *Hunters* (pace
VVe run our *hare-brain'd* Race.
From Post to Pillar I'm like *Epicurus* hurl'd
By all the *Flaming Limits* of the VVorld.
VVhere e're we go
By Friend, or Foe,
We my Majestic *Lowses* Subjects found;
Armies of *Beggars* gay
In Endless *Sun-shine* play,
And *Live*, as blithe as they
In jolly *Squadrons* dance around.
Thus did the Sprightly *Youth*, but those (whose hoary age
Had form'd more wise and sage
Upon a Captive *Comb* plac'd round in (State
Declaim among the unexperienc'd Fry
The *Nitty* Auditory listning by;
And all their Great *Forefathers* Deeds in (greater Verse relate.

6.

Then to my *Lowses Palace* we drew nigh,
(For sure by all this it may with ease be (understood,
Mine was a *Lowse* of princely blood)
Where he in tryumph still remains
Dragging Pilgarlick *Death* in Chains,
And even in *Church-yards* obtains the Victory.

When

When pale Death with *harpy* claws
(And huge unconscionable jaws)
To the Sick the *Curtain* draws.
And the *Nurses* softly tell
Sad enquiring Friends, *He's well*,
They to the *Church-yard* follow him, and there
With him they *bury* all their *Love*, and all their *Care*.
My kind *Lowse* more kind and bold
Hectors Death, and keeps his Hold,
Keeps his Hold, or what's as fair,
Comes agen, and finds him there.
Drives Sir *Rawbones* from the Stone,
Claims the *Marble* all his own;
In his own *Substance* quickens mouldring Men,
And makes 'em live, at least an *Animals* Life agen.

7.

Now *Heaven* and Earth survey'd a dreadful leap we take
Over the Sooty *Stygian* Lake;
My Lowse my *Sybill* was, and all as well
I know not how
Without a *half-penny*, or a *Golden bough*,
I like *Æneas* travell'd Hell.
We *look't*, *and look't* again,
And *look't*, *and look't* with Care,
But *look't*, *and look't* in vain,
Nor

Nor could we find one House of *Purgatory*
Those old *descriptions* fail (there:
Whose realms are chang'd
And in another Method rang'd;
We *Mountains* find where we expect a flow-
(ry *vale*.

8.

Into the Gulph at last my *Palfray* plung'd,
(t' explore
Secrets to none but great *Quevedo* known
(before.
So brave *Empedocles* at *Ætna's* flaming Hole
(The sight enough to melt a common Soul)
Leapt smiling in, with this undaunted
(Cry,
To be a God 'tis worth the while to die.
So when the hungry Earth gap't wide
And let in hateful Light,
The trembling Ghost to fright
In their *own* Realm of Night;
Curtius all arm'd to the black *breach* did
(ride;
He saw, and smiled with an unbroken
(mind
Where all the quaking *City* fled, and scarce
(durst look behind:
In sprung the noble *Youth* with this undaunt-
(ed Cry,
So *Rome* but live, and flourish, — Thus let *Cur-*
(*tius* dy.
Where

9.

Where am I now? Bugbears, and ſprights are (there:
Here *Kelly*'s Devils buz round me,
Here Doctor *Dees damſound* me;
Here's *Mephiſtophilus* with Tail, and Horns, (and Hair,
And each foul Fiend in *Bartlomew* Fair;
Sights which a ſtouter man than me might (ſcare,
But worſe, far worſe than *Devils* at the Gate,
Bands of *Quevedo's* hungry *Taylors* wait;
From *Atropos* each ſtole a pair of Sheers,
And gladly now to *enſure* his *Head* I'd give (my Louſes Ears:
Horridly gay their *Teeth*, and *Nails* were (painted ore
With fleſh confus'd, and Skin, and Brains, (and mingling Gore.
Hunger, as well as *Anger* weapons makes;
His *Bodkin* this, and this his pond'rous *yard*,
The *Cannibals* in dreadful order ſtood (and this his *Thimble* takes:
To murder and devour even their own *Fleſh* (*and Blood*:
To murder and devour my *Louſe*, ſo wiſe, ſo (great, ſo good:
So conqu'ring *Indians* feed, and hope to find
In their brave enemyes *broil'd* Corps the Ver- (tues of his Mind.

10. Yet

10.

Yet my undaunted *Louse* can scorn 'em all,
He rears his strong *Proboscis* high,
And does the unmanly rage defie
Of each unequal enemy,
And like himself intends to fall.
[o] His *Martial* Soul peeps thro' his *Alablaster* (Skin,
The bloody drop moves quick, and beats a (point of War within.
Their tedious trembling Troops he do's to (*Combat* call,
Waits for each mortal blow, contemns each (fatal pass,
[p] And cryes, Pound on! 'tis but the husk of *A-* (*naxagoras*.
Whilst quaking *Hell* do's with *concern* the (event attend,
Least the sharp *Conquerors* should too ray'- (nous be,
And in the *Carrage* swallow me,
I durst not stay the fight --- *but waked* --- and (there's an end.

NOTES.

[a] [From *Aganippe* I'll be gone,
To better springs at *Islington*.]
The New Waters discover'd there the last Summer.

[b] [When

[b] [When at proud *Agra's* trembling Gate.]
Agra *is one of the Great* Moguls *Royal Cities; he uses to ride on a white* Elephant.

[c] [So a tall *Ant* in days of yore,
A poor adventurous *Pigmee* bore.]
Read the story, thus ingeniously describ'd in Mr. Crashaw.——
"High mounted on an *Ant*, *Nanus* the Tall,
"Was thrown alas! and got a deadly fall:
"Under the unruly Beasts proud feet he lies,
"All torn; with much ado before he dyes,
"Yet strains these Words -- Base envy do! (laugh on,
"Thus did I fall, and thus fell *Phaeton*.

[d] [Like great *Astolfo*, or little *Pacolet*.]
A couple of expeditious Gentlemen (as well mounted as the Witches in Pandæmonium) Astolfo *in* Orlando Furioso *on a* Griffith: Pacolet *in the famous and renowned Chronicle of* Valentine *and* Orson, *on a Wooden Horse.*

[e] [In Glass nor Brazen chariot scarce so (soon,
[f] Nor with *Domingo's Ganza's* had we reacht (the Moon.]

You see Reader, other folks have had their Maggots as well as your Humble Servant. Two Bishops have wrote expresly of this new Plantation, and the way to sayl thither. One by making a Globe of Glass, or Brass lighter than the Atmosphere, which must therefore naturally ascend:

The

The other by a way perhaps as practicable as the former, by harnessing a certain number of Fowl, called by the Spaniards [Ganza's] *on which he makes* Signior Domingo *hoisted thither.*

[What e're quick *Azant*, or *Hevelius* saw]

Two famous Astronomers, one in France, *the other in* Denmark.

[For all the lowsy Woodcocks still were (left behind]

Vid. Where you can find it, *this account. When any of the Woodcocks remain behind, the main body returning at Summer to the Land of the Moon, they are reported to be all lowsy.*

[In his own Substance quickens mouldring (men

A vulgar observation--that dead Bodies in time turn all to perfect Lumps of Lice.

Without a *Sybill*, or a Golden bough.]

Both which are necessary to one that intends a visit to the Infernal Regions——*ask* Virgil *else.*

[Here *Kellys* Devils buz round me,
Here Dr. *Dee's* dumfound me]

See Dr. Casauban's *account of those Spirits with whom Dr.* Dee *and* Kelly *had contracted so intimate a Correspondence. Very good natur'd Devils it seems, for they perswaded the Conjurers to swop Wives, as a necessary Ceremony in their Magical operations.*

[Here's *Mephistophilus* with Tayl, and (Horns and Hair.]

A Thundering Devil that, Dr. Faustus's familiar. See his Life.

[Bands of *Quevedo's* hungry Taylors wait.]

Scarce any body but has read Quevedo's Visions of Hell, nor can any that have read 'em sure forget how over-flocke he makes the sooty regions with that kind of Cattle.

[His martial Soul peeps thro' his Alabaster skin,

The Bloody drop—]

No Creature in the world so testy as a Louse. In a Microscope, one drop of Blood is seen rolling up and down very nimbly in the nature of a pulse.

[And crys pound on! 'tis but the husk of (*Anaxagoras.*]

I would entreat any that know that hard-named Gentleman to keep silence, for I would spoil the Rhyme sadly if this should be blotted out, and that inserted.

FINIS.